

*Editor*

# THE CONTINENT

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August 22.

VOL IV No 80

1883

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THE LEADING FEATURES OF THIS NUMBER ARE:

## "CHAUTAUQUA,"

Its History and its Mission—With many Illustrations.

Marion Harland's "JUDITH."

"THE WIDOW LOCKERY." By Angeline Teal.

Helen Campbell's "WHAT-TO-DO CLUB," for Girls.

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# THE CONTINENT

Vol. IV. No. 8.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1883.

Whole No. 80.



LANDING OF BIENVILLE DE CÉLORON.

## CHAUTAUQUA.

### What it is, and Where.

THIS name has become strangely confused in its application of late. Lake, county and a marvelous gathering of pleasure-seekers, health-seekers and learners all are designated by this term. Sixty odd miles southwest of Buffalo—forty-five, or thereabout, eastward from Erie, and seven miles south of the shore line of Lake Erie, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and eight hundred above the great blue lake that lies so near—is the narrow, irregular basin, stretching twenty miles to the southward, and almost imperceptibly narrowing to the thread that links it with the Mississippi, known as Lake Chautauqua. Nowhere more than two or three miles wide, it is divided into two irregular, pouch-shaped bodies by Long Point, which stretches from the eastern shore to within almost a bow shot of the western bank. Just at its northern end, upon a noble row of hills that seem to rise out of its blue waters, is the pleasant, sleepy little town of Mayville, the capital of the county bearing the

name of the lake. It is almost as quiet, and perhaps quite as romantic, as when the French explorers launched their canoes from the place where its dock is now located. Four miles to the southward, on the western shore, is a woody point which, until a few years since, was known as Fair Point, now by legislative grace christened Chautauqua. Over against it, and almost equidistant from the head of the lake, is Point Chautauqua. These two Chautauquas are, in a sense, rival settlements upon the lake. Both had their origin in a religious motive, and both retain more or less of a religious flavor queerly modified by other elements. Chautauqua is the location of the celebrated "Assembly," which was born of a "Camp-meeting," transformed into a "Sunday-school" gathering by statute and lately, by another legislative act, erected into a "University." Under all its aliases it has remained a place to which good people come by thousands from every portion of the great middle West for knowledge, rest and praise. Hundreds of cottages nestled under

the trees are as full as swarming hives from July until September of the best men and women of the land, who have fled from the hot levels and ceaseless cares of their respective homes to this sanctuary of thoughtful searchers after knowledge. Point Chautauqua, on the other shore, is the site of a like gathering of the Baptist denomination. It is, perhaps, rather more distinctively a health resort than its somewhat over-crowded neighbor. Its literary exercises are only an adjunct of the religious gathering, which lasts but a short time. After that it is only a delightful residence, protected from intrusion or annoyance by the power of the association which owns the grounds, and affording a pleasant resort for those who wish to be within easy reach of Chautauqua itself, or to enjoy sailing and fishing on the lake. All along both shores, at intervals, are pleasant resorts with pretty summer cottages and roomy hotels. Lakewood, Long Point and Bemus Point are the most noted. In the summer the woods along the shores are dotted with camps and the lake with the boats of sportsmen and pleasure-seekers. Upon a range of hills that border the outlet is Jamestown, one of the prettiest and most thriving towns in the state. During the summer season this whole region is almost made one neighborhood by the fleet of busy steamers that ply to and fro upon its waters. Not less than a dozen of these make the circuit of the lake every day. One may go from any point upon it to any other almost every hour. From Chautauqua a train runs to Mayville a dozen times a day. The resident at Point Chautauqua has but a ten-minutes' voyage to the seats of the C. L. S. C. and its kindred associations. To dwell "on the lake" is to have the whole of its attractions at hourly command. This fact, connected with its ease of access, the salubrity of its air, cool breezes and the absence of those crowning pests of the ordinary summer refuge from overwork, mosquitoes and malaria, render it certain that in the near future, unless the dwellers on its shores obstruct its development by their own folly, its verdant hills and shady groves will be the seat of thousands of summer homes. It has more of the elements of a veritable restful resort than any other region within reach of the crowding populations of our three greatest states.

J. RITNER.

#### Its Name and Early History.

A RANGE of grass-covered hills south of Lake Erie divides the waters that run into it from those that flow southward to join the Mississippi. They rise to the greatest height, and make the nearest approach to the shore of the lake, in the western county of New York, where they are but four miles distant, and lift their highest summits two thousand feet above the ocean's level. There, in a notch cut deeply across the hills, sparkle the bright waters of Chautauqua—a paradox among lakes, for, though poised in the crest of the highlands, where the sky only is reflected in its crystal depths, so near to Lake Erie that we look to see its waters pour down the steep declivity to join that lake, and finally meet the sea upon the cold and barren coast of Labrador—we find them, after running southward, and after a long and sinuous journey of over two thousand five hundred miles, flowing consecutively through the Outlet, the Cassadaga and the Connewango, the Allegany, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, mingling at last with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi here puts forth an arm beyond its own great valley, far into the northeast, to receive the cool waters of this mountain lake. If the clear and tranquil waters of Chautauqua, the picturesque hills that surround it, and the verdant meadows, kept green by cool springs and

copious dews, constitute less striking features than those that distinguish other lakes, they make at least the elements of a pleasing landscape. In this region of grass and clover are farmyards flaming with peonies and bright with roses; here are fields of buttercups and daisies, realms of the bobolink and meadow-lark. These, if they do not stir the heart with the stronger emotions, are at least objects of beauty that must always please.

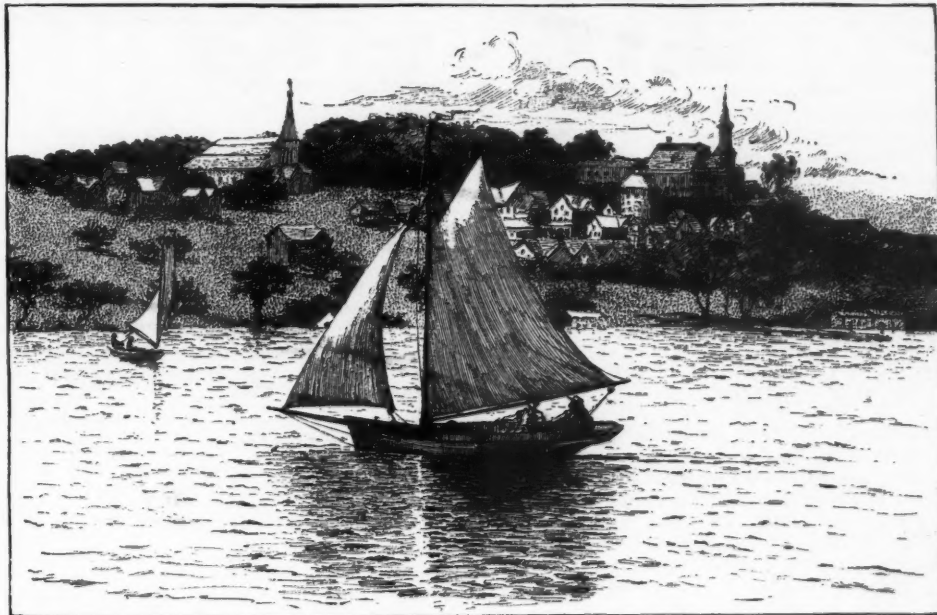
It has, however, other claims to distinction. At the beginning of the present century it lay buried in a silent western wilderness. Nowhere in this northern latitude did forest trees grow so large and tall. The pioneers of the Holland Purchase saw with admiration the grandeur and grace of the mighty woods around it. But long before the first settler had let the sunlight in along the hillsides, the French and English had visited Chautauqua, and warlike armaments had passed over its clear waters. Events of such importance had happened upon its surface and along its borders as entitle it to rank among the historic regions of the country. Indeed this lake has an infusion of blue blood in its veins, and needs but the pen of a Cooper to tell its story and invest it with romance. Scant records have been preserved of some of these incidents, and the historian has neglected to relate others, the proofs of which remain. As these events have almost faded from remembrance, we may well devote a little space to rescue them from oblivion.

When the forests around Chautauqua had given place to cultivated fields, the plow revealed the crumbling relics of the past. Mouldering skeletons, mounds of earth and rude implements of peace and war proclaimed the former existence of an ancient people. Whence they came, what fortunes attended them, and how long they remained, we have no record. When the interior of the continent first became known to Europeans, the Erie, or "Nation of the Cat," possessed the country south of Lake Erie, and seem to have occupied southwestern New York. The Attiwandrone, or Neutral nation, inhabited the northern shore of Lake Erie and east of the Niagara River to the frontiers of the Senecas. According to some authorities their territory extended along the southern shore of Lake Erie to the state of Ohio. Chautauqua Lake, therefore, lay within the domains of either the Erie or the Neutral nation. Against both of these nations the Iroquois waged fierce wars, which resulted in their complete overthrow about the middle of the seventeenth century. From the destruction of the Eries until its settlement by the pioneers of the Holland Purchase, the region around Chautauqua Lake was held by the Senecas, the fiercest and most numerous of the Iroquois nations. They afterwards planted many colonies along the Allegany and Ohio rivers and in other parts of this conquered territory.

Before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth, the French, led by Champlain, had traversed the wilderness of Upper Canada to the shores of Lake Huron. Prior to 1628, missionaries of the order of St. Francis had reached the Neutral nation and crossed the Niagara into Western New York; but we have no account of any white man that had visited Chautauqua so early. The lake is not marked upon Champlain's map of 1632; nor does it contain evidence that he had any accurate knowledge of this part of the country. La Salle in 1679 set sail from the River Niagara in the *Griffin*, the first vessel that ever spread its sails upon Lake Erie. On the 7th of August he passed the region now known as the county of Chautauqua. He and his companions were the first Europeans whose eyes rested upon the forests and hills that embosom its pleasant lake.

[Chautauqua is no doubt the body of water to which La Salle's biographer referred when he described that famous discoverer as going westward from Onondaga in the spring of 1681 or 1682 (the time is a little obscure), and finding, about fifteen days afterward, "a little lake six or seven miles (lieues) south of Lake Erie, the mouth of which opened to the southeastward." This author, whose account of La Salle's discoveries has sometimes been thought untrustworthy, despite the strong internal evidence that he must have written by the authority of

Barron La Houtan, a French officer, who in 1687 was stationed in Canada, had coasted along the northern shore of Lake Erie, and visited its southern shore in Ohio. In his letters and memoirs he gave a very interesting description of that lake and the country bordering upon it. Yet the country extending along the southern shore of Lake Erie was but little known to Europeans until as late as 1750. La Houtan writes: "The banks of this lake (Erie) are commonly frequented by none but warriors, whether the Iroquois, the Illinese



POINT CHAUTAUQUA.

La Salle himself, is greatly strengthened by the language used by Washington in his journal. Being sent by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in 1753, to inquire as to the purpose of the French in occupying the line of the Allegany and the Ohio, which began at Chautauqua, he reached Venango, then the southernmost outpost of the French, in December of that year, and in the account of his entertainment by the officers in command he says:

"They told me it was their absolute design to take possession of the river, and by G—d they would do it. . . . They pretend to have an undoubted right to the river from a discovery made by one La Salle some sixty years ago."

There is little doubt that La Salle was the first white man who saw Chautauqua. He probably sailed down the stream of which it is the source for a considerable distance, and may even have reached the Ohio by that route. The accepted record of his discoveries is almost entirely silent as to the year ensuing after he left Onondaga, the spring after his return, and the desertion of his discouraged followers under the influence of the priests at that mission. This, too, would account for the positive knowledge displayed by subsequent explorers as to its relation to the line of the Ohio.

EDITOR CONTINENT.]

or the Oumiamies; and it is very dangerous to stop there. By this means it comes to pass that the stags, roebucks and turkeys run in great bodies up and down the shore all around the lake. In former times the Errinons and the Andastoguerons lived upon the confines of the lake, but they were extirpated by the Iroquois, as well as the other nations marked on the map."

From the other side of the lake the French had either been excluded by these fierce and warlike Iroquois, or their enterprising spirit had not yet drawn them that way. Communication between the French forts and settlements in Canada, and their posts on the Lower Mississippi, was at first maintained by the circuitous route of the Ottawa River, Green Bay and the Mississippi River, and afterward by Lake Michigan and the Illinois River; and at a still later period by the Maumee and the Wabash. The direct and easy communication that could have been opened between Canada and the Mississippi, by way of the short portage between Lakes Erie and Chautauqua, and thence to the Ohio, was long neglected by the French, and it was not until the earnest contention between England and France respecting the boundary lines between their possessions in America that Chautauqua Lake was brought to notice.

In 1749 the two rival countries proceeded directly to assert their rights to the territories lying west of the





ON THE LANDING.

Alleganies. The French in that year sent from La Chine, in Canada, Captain Bienville de Céloron, with two hundred and fourteen soldiers and Canadians and fifty-five Iroquois and Abenakies Indians, to the Ohio country to take possession of those disputed regions in the name of the King of France. In June, 1749, this party ascended the St. Lawrence, coasted along the eastern and southern shore of Lake Ontario, passed up the River Niagara and along the southern shore of Lake Erie as far west as the mouth of the Chautauqua Creek, arriving there July 16th. They then passed over eight miles of difficult portage, from Lake Erie to Chautauqua, where they arrived on the 22d.

Long had the stillness of this secluded lake been unbroken, save by the voices of the wilderness, the cry of the loon upon its waters, and the howl of the wolf along its shore. Far remote from the obscure paths of the wilderness, it was seldom visited by the savage, and still less frequently by civilized man. Rude as were the forest rovers that accompanied Céloron, they must have been strongly impressed with the beauty of this placid water, as it lay spread before them; its gracefully-curving shores, almost concealed by overhanging foliage, that rolled back on every side in an unbroken cloud of verdure to the summits of the encircling hills. He also passed Bemus Point and encamped for the night upon the shore of the lower expanse, three miles above the outlet. On the 24th the voyage was continued over the lake and through the dark and winding outlet to the highlands at Jamestown. Here Céloron and his party encamped for the night. A curious scene must have been presented by his motley retinue of French soldiers, hardy Canadian bordermen, swarthy Indians, and some, perhaps, of that remarkable race of forest rangers, the Coureurs de Bois, or Canadian Voyageurs, with here and there a gallant French officer, and perhaps a priest, as they gathered around blazing camp-fires which threw a flaring light against the tree trunks, among the branches and into the gathering gloom of the night; the bright firelight strangely mingling with the deep shadows of the wilderness. As Indians had been observed watching his movements from the adjacent forests, Céloron, before proceeding farther on the next day, convened a council of officers to determine what



LAKEWOOD.

should be done. Having sent out Lieutenant Joucaire to inform the Indians of the friendly purposes of his expedition, he resumed his difficult voyage over the rapids of the stream, now known by the awkward name of "The Outlet," but which rightly should be called "The Céloron," in honor of its first explorer. Céloron was provided with a number of leaden plates, to deposit at various points on his route, to indicate formal acts of possession. Upon each of these plates an appropriate inscription in French was engraved. The first plate was buried on the 29th of July, at the foot of a red oak, on the south bank of the Allegany, at the confluence of that stream with the Conewango, near the village of Warren. Céloron continued his journey down the Ohio as far as the mouth of the Great Miami. He then ascended that river and returned to Canada. He buried a leaden plate at each of the following places: the famous rock below Franklin, known as the Indian God; at the mouth of the Wheeling Creek, in West Virginia; at the mouth of the Muskingum, which plate was found by some boys in 1798; at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, found in 1846; and lastly at the mouth of the Great Miami.

The Marquis Du Quesne, Governor-General of Canada in 1752, proceeded in a still more decisive manner to establish dominion over the disputed territory. He began to construct a long line of frontier forts, by which to unite Canada with Louisiana. Early in the spring of 1753 he sent from Montreal an advanced force of two hundred and fifty men, under Monsieur Barbeer, for Chat-a-co-nit (Chautauqua), with orders to fell and prepare timber for the building of a fort. Barbeer

and his companions pursued their winter march, over land and ice, to Fort Niagara, where they remained until the warmth of the early spring had sufficiently removed the ice from Lake Erie; they then pursued their way by water along its shore, arriving at the mouth of Chautauqua Creek in the month of April, 1753. Monsieur Marin, to whom was assigned the chief command, having arrived with a larger force, put a stop to the building of the fort, because he did not like the situation there, and proceeded fifteen leagues farther west, to where now is the city of Erie, in the state of Pennsylvania, and built a fort, which was called Presque Isle. He then cut a wagon-road twenty-one miles to Waterford, on French Creek, and built a fort, which was called Le Bœuf. When this fort was completed, Marin ordered the greater part of his forces to return to Canada. About eight days before he took his departure, he received orders from Du Quesne to make preparations in the succeeding spring to build two forts at Chatacoïn, one of them by Lake Erie and the other at the end of the carrying-place on Chautauqua Lake. Accordingly, on the 28th of October, 1753, about four hundred and forty men, under Captain Deneman, set out from Presque Isle for Canada in twenty-two batteaux, followed in a few days by seven hundred and sixty men. On the 30th they arrived at the mouth of the Chautauqua Creek. Here they stayed four days, during which time two hundred men, under Monsieur Hugues Péan, cut a wagon-road over the carrying place from Lake Erie to Chautauqua Lake. On the 3d of November they set out for Canada, arriving at Niagara on the 6th. This road extended along the west bank of Chautauqua Creek from its mouth, a distance of three miles, where it crossed the creek; thence it continued for the most of the remainder of the way on the east side of the present thoroughfare between Mayville and Westfield, and terminated at the head of Chautauqua Lake, at the foot of Main Street, in the village of Mayville. It was known by the early settlers as the Portage, or Old French road. The original track of this road and the remains of its old log bridges were plainly visible as late as 1817, and traces of it remained until a much later period.

The story of Washington's perilous journey to French Creek, and the fate of the first post established by the English at Pittsburg, where the French under De Contrecoeur swept down against it, has been too often told to need repetition. These events, the voyage of Céloron and the construction of the Portage road, all so intimately connected with Chautauqua Lake, are memorable, because they were the immediate causes leading directly to one of the most famous wars of modern times, known in this country as the French and Indian War—a contest which extended over Continental Europe, and even to Asia and Africa. The dark forests of western New York and Pennsylvania, during the warlike period that followed these events, were often the scene of military demonstrations. There De Aubrey gathered his forces that finally met a bloody defeat near Niagara. Major Rogers coasted along the southern shore of Lake Erie in 1760, and after him came General Bradstreet to raise the siege of Detroit in Pontiac's War, and through the woods between the lakes straggled a starving and exhausted portion of his army on its return. In 1779 Colonel Broadhead penetrated the region, now rich in oil, lying southward of Chautauqua, and marched to the head-waters of the Allegany, wiping out the Indian towns that he found there, driving their inhabitants into the forests to perish of starvation and cold. Abandoned improvements and clearings found along the shore of Chautauqua Lake

are probably melancholy traces of the ruin that befell them.

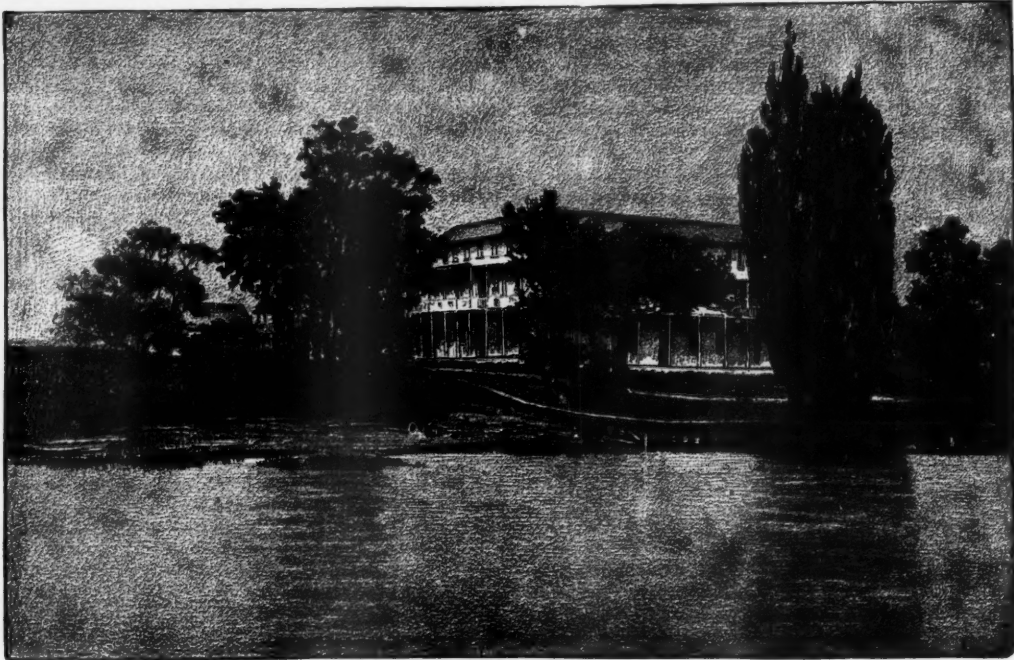
The last hostile expedition of the Revolution in the north was planned to revenge the injuries inflicted by Broadhead and Sullivan. A large force of British and Indians left Niagara in 1782 to attack Pittsburg, and proceeded as far as Chautauqua Lake, upon which they embarked in canoes. The expedition was abandoned on account of the reputed repairs and strength of Fort Pitt. A portion of this force, led it is believed by the Chief Kyasutha, in July of that year besieged Hannastown, once a famous but now almost forgotten place in Western Pennsylvania. They killed and carried many of its inhabitants into captivity, and burned the place to the ground; and now not a stone or mound of earth marks the spot where once it stood. There occurred many thrilling incidents, and almost the last bloodshed of the War of the Revolution. In 1822 the remains of a row of piles were discovered extending across the bed of the outlet of Chautauqua Lake, placed there, it is believed, by this war party to raise the water of the lake sufficiently to create a flood to waft their boats down the river against Pittsburg, or by some previous expedition of the French in years before.

The first leaden plate prepared for burial by Céloron on his voyage above described, contains the earliest record of a name for Chautauqua Lake and its outlet. It is there written "Tchadakoïn." This leaden plate was obtained by some artifice of the Iroquois from the French, and delivered to Sir William Johnson. The following is a translation of the inscription engraved upon it:

"In the year 1749, during the reign of Louis the XVth, King of France, we, Céloron, commander of a detachment sent by Monsieur the Marquis de la Galissonière, Governor-General of New France, for the restoration of tranquillity in some villages of Indians of these districts, have buried this plate at the confluence of the Ohio and Tchadakoïn, this 29th day of July, near the River Ohio, otherwise Beautiful River, as a monument of the renewal of possession which we have taken of the said River Ohio, and of all those that therein fall, and all the lands on both sides as far as the sources of the said rivers, as enjoyed or ought to be enjoyed by the preceding Kings of France, and as they have maintained themselves by arms and by treaties, especially by those of Riswick of Utrecht and of Aix-la-Chapelle."

In the journal of Ute's expedition kept by Céloron, the name is spelled "Chatakouïn," and "Chatacoïn." Upon the map of Father Bonsecamps, who accompanied Céloron, it is spelled "Tjadakoïn." In the letters of Du Quesne to the French Government, in 1753, it is spelled "Chataconit." In the "History of the French and English Wars in North America," written by Captain Pouchot in French, and on the map accompanying it, it is spelled "Shatacoïn." In the affidavit of Stephen Coffen, an English soldier, made prisoner by the French, who accompanied the expedition that constructed the wagon road from Lake Erie to Chautauqua Lake, it is spelled "Chadakoïn." Mitchell, in 1755, writes it "Chadocoin," and on Crevecoeur's map of 1758 it is written "Chataccuïn." These are obviously different spellings of the same Indian word. The lake and its outlet were located wholly within the territories of the Iroquois. The nearest Indian villages were those of that people. They fished in its waters, and hunted along its shores, and their trails threaded the dark forests where it lay. Its name would naturally be a word in the Iroquois tongue, one which the French would be most likely to adopt and engrave upon the





BEMUS POINT.

leaden plate. It will be observed that these words pronounced according to rules of French orthoepy, are not very unlike the word "Chautauqua," as now pronounced. It is not remarkable that when the English succeeded to the domain of the lakes that this name should acquire a somewhat different pronunciation, and that in time it should be still farther changed. On Lewis Evans' map of 1758, and Pownall's map of 1776, it is written "Jadaxqua;" by Sir William Johnson, in 1766, "Jadaghque;" by General William Irvin, who visited the lake previous to 1788, "Jadaqua;" and Cornplanter, according to Alden, pronounced it "Chaudauk-wa." On the map made by the Holland Land Company in 1804, it is spelled "Chataughque." After the settlement of the county, until 1859, it was spelled "Chautauque," when it was changed by a resolution of the Board of Supervisors of that county to "Chautauqua." These small changes are due to the various tongues, white and Indian, in which it has been successively rendered. Even in the various dialects of the Iroquois language, it was uttered differently. The Senecas called it "Chä-da-queh;" the Cayugas, "Cha-dä-qua;" the Onondagas, "Cha-dä-quä;" the Tuscaroras, "Chä-ta-qua;" and the Mohawks, "Jä-dä-quä."

Various significations have been ascribed to the word "Chautauqua." It has been said to mean "the foggy place;" also "high up," but without much authority. Horatio Jones and Jasper Parish, early Indian interpreters, well versed in the Iroquois language, it is said, gave its meaning to be, "a pack tied in the middle," or "two moccasins fastened together," in allusion to its form. According to the late Dr. Peter Wilson, an educated Seneca, and graduate of the Geneva Medical College, it is a compound word formed according to the Seneca method, from Ga-joh, "fish," and Ga-dah-gwäh, "taken out." An Indian tradition is given upon the

authority of Dr. Wilson, supporting this definition of the word. The name of an object among a primitive people is usually derived from its leading peculiarity. Aside from the tradition given by Dr. Wilson, the elements of this Indian word would indicate that it meant the place where fish are taken out, or, more comprehensively, "Fish Lake;" an appropriate name, for it has been long and widely celebrated for the excellence and the quantity of fish that it yields.

The following legend of the lake has been often related: Some Indians once encamped upon its shore. A young maiden of the party having eaten of a root growing upon its banks which created great thirst, stooped to drink of its waters, when she disappeared forever. Hence the name, signifying "the place of easy death," or "where one vanishes away." Cornplanter, in his famous speech against the title of the Phelps and Gorham tract, alluding to the tradition says, "In this case one chief has said he could ask you to put him out of pain; another, who will not think of dying by the hand of his father or his brother, has said, he will retire to Chau-dauk-wa, eat of the fatal root, and sleep with his fathers in peace."

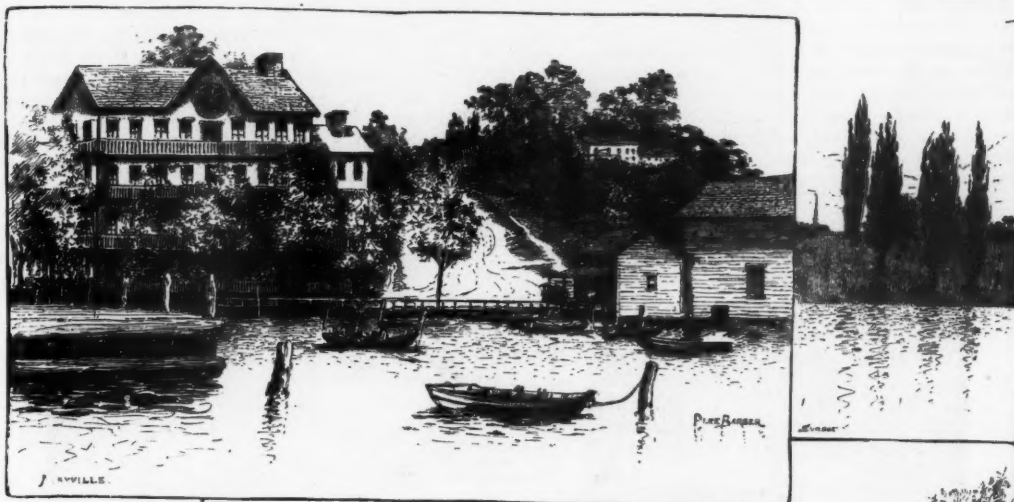
Whatever may be the meaning of this word, it is of undoubted Indian origin, and has become the lasting name of the lake.

"Ye say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That 'mid the forests where they roamed  
There rings no hunter shout.  
But their name is on your waters—  
Ye may not wash it out."

OBED EDSON.

#### The Chautauqua Assembly.

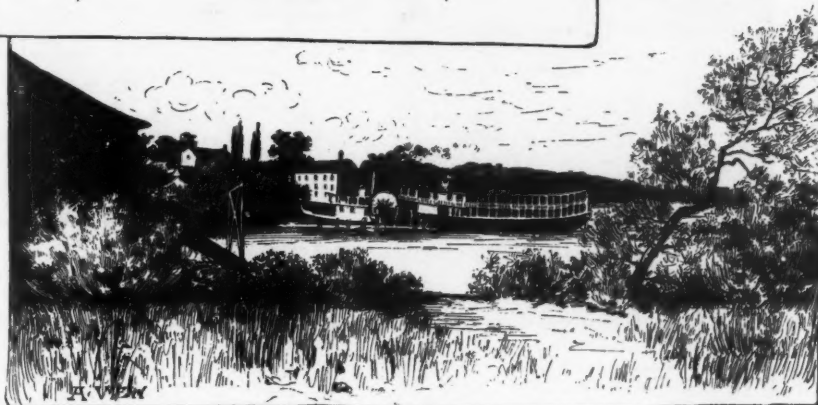
It is much less than a quarter of a century since the spot on which the summer city now known as Chau-



tauqua stands was only a bit of primeval forest. Opposite the point where it lies, in former times Leet's farm lay, spread out in the loveliness of orchard, meadow and cultivated field, sloping down from a patch of heavily-wooded forest which crowned the summit of the hill, gracefully, in truly artistic lines, to the water's edge. No doubt the Indians, who gave point their favorite years the hunter, w of its sylvan solitude

Fairport, which was the original name of the site it occupies, first became questionably famous as a place of resort for boisterous, noisy revelers, who drew inspiration not from nature or revelation, but from the bottle; but at a later day a Chautauqua County Temperance Convention was held there. The formal call for it was issued by the veteran, Rev. J. E. Chapin, of Westfield, New York, and he was its presiding officer. To him, then, belongs the honor of founding Chautauqua as a moral, reformatory and educational centre. He was the first, too, to press its claims upon his ministerial associates and co-laborers as a place for camp-meetings, several of which were held there.

Chautauqua had twin parents—two honored fathers, whose names will go down together in connection with the world's history of great religious and intellectual movements and achievements. These two men—Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent and Mr. Lewis Miller—were unlike in person and temperament, but were one in purpose and aspiration! Each, before he had met the other, had conceived and nursed the idea and purpose of broadening the horizon of Sunday-school work; of aiming not simply at the imparting of Biblical know-



SKETCHES AT MAYVILLE.

ledge to young and old, but of so enlarging the mental scope and equipment of the masses of Sunday-school and religious workers and students as to greatly increase their influence, enjoyment and power.

Dr. Vincent's paternal grandfather was a Unitarian and his paternal grandmother a Presbyterian. His mother, of Quaker origin, was baptized and confirmed in a Lutheran Church in Philadelphia. Meeting in Alabama the gentleman who was to become the father of the Doctor, he being a Methodist, she became one. The father was intelligent and devoted; the mother a saint, calm, self-possessed, gentle, loyal to her conscience, humble, full of good works, wonderfully cheerful and patient—a perfect mother, strong intellectually, fond of home, a woman of prayer!

John H. Vincent was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama; going to Pennsylvania in boyhood, and studying first in the Milton Academy and then in the one at Lewisburg, afterward in the Lewisburg University, and still later in the Wesleyan Institute at Newark, New Jersey. He was licensed as a local preacher in 1850. He had taught a country school, and afterward, in connection with his pastoral work, he for ten years held a special class on Saturday afternoons, a special class for old and young, made up of all denominations, for the study of Bible history and geography. It was called the "Palestine Class," and had its birth as early as 1855.

Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, ranks with Dr. Vincent as a father of Chautauqua. Famous as an inventor, a manufacturer and a public man, with personal friends and admirers not only in America but in Europe and other foreign countries, he was the man of all others to be associated with the leading Sunday-school specialist in the world. Robust mentally and physically, and possessing generous means and a large heart, he had the brain to conceive, the money to employ and the hand to execute; investing in the partnership with Vincent precisely those qualities and quantities he needed. To both alike belongs the honor of Chautau-

tors' *conversazioni*. Normal sections A, B, C, and D, six each. Three teachers' meetings for the preparation of the lesson; two specimen Sunday-school sessions; four Bible readings; three praise services; two children's meetings, and six sermons. All the leading Protestant denominations were represented. Persons were present from twenty-five states; also from Ontario, Montreal, Nova Scotia, Ireland, Scotland and India.

The pioneer Chautauquans "roughed it" in small, uncomfortable cottages and tents, and ate their meals in a long canvas-covered shed, in a truly primitive style, yet with keen appetites and good digestion. During



CHAUTAUQUA LAKE—THE OUTLET.

qua; both were discoverers and pioneers—both conceived in common the Chautauqua idea; both fostered it and nursed and developed it, until it grew beyond all conceptions, into world-wide proportions.

Lewis Miller and John H. Vincent visited Fairpoint, on Chautauqua Lake, in August, 1873, and projected the Sunday-School Assembly. The first meetings were held in 1874, opening on the first Tuesday evening in August. This is the central date of the Chautauqua meetings. The first Tuesday evening in August is the time for the annual opening of the Assembly, and all things date from that.

What was done at Chautauqua this first year? Here is the record: Twenty-two lectures were given on Sunday-school work—theory and practice. Seven lectures on Bible history, geography, evidences, etc., etc. Sectional meetings: Nine primary; six intermediate; one senior; one superintendents'; four pastors and superintendents'. Eight normal class and institute conduc-

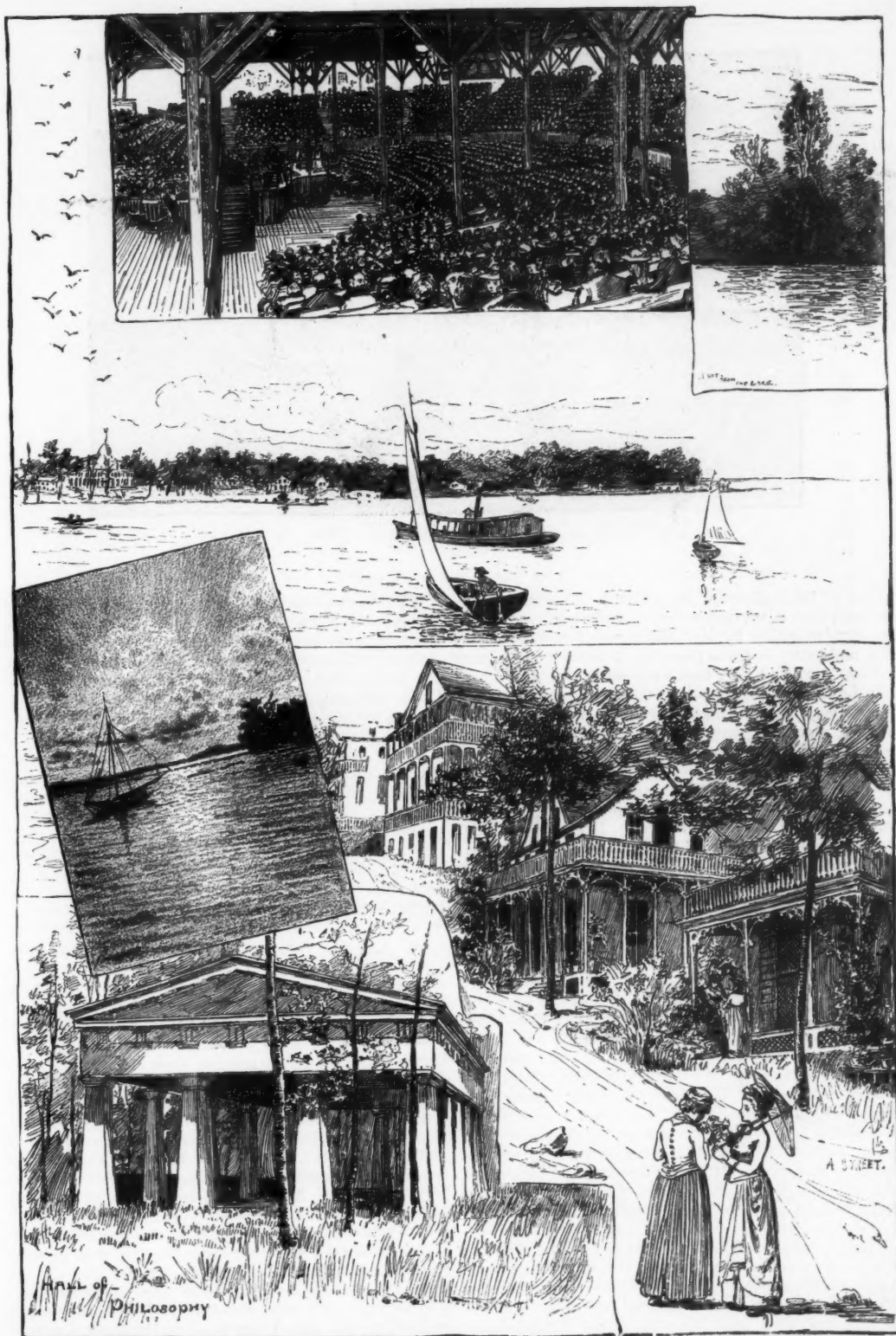
showers—and they were frequent and heavy—meetings were held in a tent on the hill.

The meetings have steadily increased in interest. Every year the expense of the platform increases. The cost the first year was about four thousand dollars; the session lasted for about two weeks. The outlay of last year was about sixteen thousand dollars for six weeks.

There have been several great days at Chautauqua. The marked feature of the session of 1875 was the visit of General Grant, at that time President of the United States. He was the guest of Mr. Lewis Miller, in the striped tent which is still erected each summer in the rear of the auditorium, and twenty thousand people gathered to greet him on the day of his arrival.

The great day of the session of 1880 was the visit of James A. Garfield, in the autumn of that year elected President of the United States. His utterances on that occasion were so appropriate and weighty that they have become Chautauqua watchwords for all time.





BITS IN AND AROUND CHAUTAUQUA.



LONG POINT.

Most of the features of the present Chautauqua are but legitimate developments of the plans discussed in the very beginning by Mr. Miller and Dr. Vincent in 1873, and many of these plans lay in the minds of both of these workers before they ever met.

To Lewis Miller especially is due the honor of having taken this great educational movement into the woods, and the manifold benefits resulting from that movement are thus more largely traceable to him than to any other one of its founders and managers. Mr. A. K. Warren, lately deceased, was the superintendent of the grounds and a most efficient lieutenant of those whose plans he carried into effect. Dr. Vincent calls Lewis Miller the founder of Chautauqua, and his word in this matter should be unquestioned.

It has been said that the gentlemen named builded wiser than they knew. This was not a statement of fact, as will be inferred from what has already been written. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was devised by Dr. Vincent more than twenty-five years ago. In the early summer of 1878, while he was crossing the ocean, homeward bound from a brief sojourn among the Alps, he matured its great plans and arranged its manifold details, and the Circle was organized in August of that year, the first commencement being held in August, 1882, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. The Circle is really a great university, with a summer session, but the actual work of the students is done in the homes of the people of this country and of all civilized lands on each day of all the months of each year. It is a college at home for everybody, old and young; for people who never went to college, and for people who hold diplomas; for rich and for poor; for mothers who wish they could keep up with their enterprising and studious boys and girls; for older brothers and sisters who see, almost with regret, younger children outgrowing them; for ministers who wish to read up in lines of general literature, science and art, and thus keep abreast of the times—in a phrase, for all persons who desire to promote their own culture, mental enlargement and advancement.

The Chautauqua University—now a chartered institution, with the power of issuing diplomas and conferring degrees—has several departments, namely, the Assembly Normal Department, the Teachers' Retreat, the School of Languages, the Literary and Scientific Circle already described, the Young Folks' Reading Union, the Missionary Institute, the School of Theology, and the College of Music.

The annual meetings at Chautauqua—at which these several departments hold their anniversaries and carry on their public work—open early in July, and continue for about six weeks. Hardly less than fifty thousand persons, in various parts of the world, participate in the readings and studies of one or more of these departments. For the inmates of thousands of homes, on both sides of the Atlantic, has Chautauqua done a most happy, effective and wholesome work, in enlarging their mental vision and scope, imparting information on social, scientific, historical and public topics and questions; relieving and relaxing the wear and worry of daily physical or mental toil; promoting courage, hope and aspiration for a better life.

Among the institutions of Chautauqua, its journals are worthy of note. *The Herald* is an eight-page daily that is published on the grounds from July to September during the sessions of the Assembly. *The Chautauquan* is a large folio monthly, the organ of the C. L. S. C., the reading of which is made incumbent upon each member of that fraternity. These journals are owned and edited by Rev. Theodore L. Flood, D. D., a man of very unusual energy, enterprise and thrift. He has been one of the Managers of the Assembly from the first, and though not possessing the magnetic quality of Dr. Vincent, nor inspiring the same universal confidence as Mr. Miller, he has perhaps excelled both in genuine foresight and practical sagacity. Should the Church not make him a bishop, for which place his administrative ability would seem especially to fit him, they ought at least to put him at the head of the Book Concern, which only needs such a manager for a time to justify in all respects its fame among the churches.



There has been an almost miraculous change in Chautauqua since August, 1873. It still "sometimes rains at Chautauqua," but the visitors and summer residents find shelter under the expansive roof of the great Amphitheatre, in the hundreds of handsome and comfortable cottages, in the Children's Temple, the Museum, the Greek Temple in the grove, and other structures in this marvelous new city in the woods. Now entertainment of the best class can be had in the magnificent modern hotel with a classical name—the Athenæum—which, under the management of General Bolly Lewis, of Cincinnati, ranks with the best in the land.

Its lecturers are the ablest and most learned in this or other lands, and their themes pertain to art, literature, science, political economy, reform, and all im-

portant social and public questions, and represent various creeds, beliefs, parties and sections. On the Chautauqua platform assembles each year a free parliament, and from it is hurled a free lance at all the errors of humanity, and all the wrongs and crimes of society and nations. Widely varying opinions are expressed in a catholic spirit, and they are received in a generous spirit by the thronging thousands of those who are capable of thinking for themselves, and who concede to others the same privilege and right. Chautauqua has grown broader and better each year from the first, and has continually reached out farther and farther in all directions, unchecked by oceans or mountain ranges, until its leaves have scattered benisons and healing upon the peoples of all climates and countries.

C. M. NICHOLS.

## A LESSON OF TO-DAY.

BY CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN,

WHERE the bright New England villages are busy with thrift and gain—  
And city is linked with country by the grip of the railway train—  
With moss-grown roof and shingled sides, painted the soberest brown,  
A dwelling stands amid the trees, its front door toward the town;  
And even this old-fashioned seems, with knocker on one side,  
And half-doors, double bolted, but which *can* swing open wide.  
No Mansard, tiles or fancy slate; its garret windows old,  
Are relics of the by-gone days when homespun goods were sold;  
No winter's wind can shake the pile, for from the great oak trees  
The sturdy woodsmen hewed the beams, with axe-marks on the knees;  
The glazing—set in six-inch panes, from sand-specks not quite clear—  
Through which, with plumb-straight vision, all distant things look queer;  
But in the "big room," sunrise-faced, in all its state and pride,  
Two modern windows give a view upon a mountain's side.  
Close-wedged, and meeting at the base, the hills look grandly down,  
And streams their rugged paths have traced down from the mountain's crown  
While in the spring the shifting shades lie softly in the sun,  
And buds of blossoming trees are seen when spring has scarce begun.

Away up in the Granite State, where skies and hills are blue,  
There lived a man of large estate; his bond and word were true.  
Plain, honest and hard-working, he had fought his way through life,  
And found, despite its scars and blows, a victory in the strife.  
He lived in a quiet, country way; his family lived the same,  
Though Thomas, the son, inclined to be gay, and justly earned the name  
Of coming home from trips to town when the moon was bright and cold,  
And the cherry-wood clock, with steady stroke, the midnight hour had tolled;  
When sister Hannah, loving girl, sat up to let him in,  
Knowing that Tom was a bit of a churl, and thought such hours no sin.  
A country household; only four—father, mother, daughter and son—  
With just a touch of the city in Tom's clothes and his fun.

"Boys will be boys," the father'd say,  
With a knowing look at wife,  
"And all the youngsters want their way  
In the early days of life.  
Our Tom will settle down at last,  
And when he *does* we'll see  
His wild oats sown are rooted fast,  
And a steady man he'll be!"  
Then, quite with a sigh, she'd nod and think,

U. O. N.

Though never a chiding look was there,  
 That she could, if she would, with the slyest wink,  
 Tell a certain man with a serious air  
 How *he* used to go it when he was young,  
 And courting a certain Miss Sarah Lane,  
 Till bells for the wedding in church were rung,  
 And then the fact was certainly plain—  
 That his start in life was the clothes he wore;  
 His capital, health and a Will  
 To work his way in the world, and more—  
 A rich man's place to fill.

No board in all the country round with more good cheer was spread,  
 And many a holiday gathering closed with late stars overhead—

For Timothy's wife, so plain and good,  
 Knew how to keep things right,  
 And governed her house, as good wives should,  
 With everything in sight.

She made all welcome, knowing well, whenever the dark days came,  
 That after work there was time to play, and taught her child the same.  
 No rustic beauty, golden-haired, with eyes for a poet's pen,  
 Her daughter Hannah suitors found 'mongst all the honest men,  
 And Timothy's stock and acres broad, so fine for grass and grain,  
 Were fair inducements, solid, sure, why Hannah should change her name;  
 And yet, unpromised, her heart was free. "Time enough," was the silent thought;  
 For father and mother and Tom and the farm kept Hannah's heart-strings taut.

Tom gave his confidence (when he chose) and took good care to tell  
 How the Boston men dined at the club, and treated him so well.  
 He painted glowing pictures, how the smartest State Street men  
 Made fortunes large by "dipping in the market now and then."  
 Then, as the run to Meadowbrook was a short ride from the town,  
 The friends he always went with were oft "invited down,"  
 And when the leaves were scattered and the air was crisp and still,  
 These city chaps, with dog and gun, shot over wood and hill;  
 So the farmer's simple household was made merry over night,  
 And Tom's new-found acquaintances were always "treated right."

The smoke in curls ascended from the thoughtful farmer's pipe,  
 In dreams of Tom's well-doing, when his projects should be ripe,  
 And the fragrance of Havanas spread through the filmy cloud,  
 As financial problems solved themselves, and every one seemed proud,  
 To know that something higher than the farm-work was Tom's bent,  
 And to give their boy a showing both the parents were intent.  
 Then Hannah found some pleasure in attentions paid to her.  
 When Beverly Jones brought down his team, she certainly couldn't demur  
 At enjoying the "spin" he offered; for the bays stepped well together,  
 And the monogrammed afghan felt so warm in the cool October weather.

Poor Beverly Jones had tossed about the cross-seas on Life's tide,  
 And could tell stories, in his way, of countries far and wide.  
 He had traveled till the Old World, beneath his wandering feet,  
 Was familiar in its by-ways as the narrowest Boston street:  
 He had sauntered over England; cut squares of London fog;  
 He had visited Killarney; had explored each Irish bog;  
 He had "done" the pretty Tyrol, and in Russia had gone far—  
 But for Nihilistic troubles, might have visited the Czar.  
 In fair, seductive Paris, he found pleasure, but no harm,  
 Still, all this lore of distant lands for him had little charm.  
 But State Street was the province where all with promise glistened,  
 As he told his pleasant story to the girl who sighed—and listened.  
 Her brother Tom, his nearest friend, deserved a better show  
 Than could be found in Meadowbrook, where everything was "slow."  
 The "Great Galvanic Company" had a Treasurer's vacant chair  
 Which Tom could fill—if Hannah's words would only place him there.  
 From wandering here and wandering there, taking the world at best,  
 Jones needed Hannah's love and then would settle down and rest.  
 So, Hannah's heart-strings loosened, as she thought of Tom's success—

She really fancied Jones much more than she would yet confess—  
And while the practiced driver kept the horses swift and straight,  
She knew that time was fully ripe and said "Yes!" at the gate.

Maybe the bracing autumn air made Hannah's cheeks so red;  
Maybe a doubting thought the cause, when the little word was said;  
But when the farmer's daughter pressed her cold hands on his cheek,  
And, looking down from 'hind his chair, essayed her part to speak,  
The old man gave his spectacles a hitch above his brow,  
And saw just what was coming, not knowing why, or how.  
So, they talked the matter over, with Tom in highest glee  
At what he would (and wouldn't) do, when Treasurer he should be.  
And Timothy Green, in earnest of what he meant to do,  
When Tom should be successful, and to help the project through,  
With trembling lip and tear-dimmed eye, and rather husky tones,  
Gave Tom the bonds to buy the stock—and Hannah's hand to Jones;  
But, when the blazing logs were low, and the sitting-room grew chill,  
Though bed-time came, with hand in hand, he sat with Sarah still.  
Soon all the village gossips caught the news and sent it 'round,  
That Hannah Green, the quiet girl, a city beau had found;  
And suitors, not quite jilted, still confessed to feeling sore,  
Talked of the coming marriage and wondered more and more  
Where Tom found brains enough to play the mining magnate's part,  
Where one side of the bargain was his sister Hannah's heart.  
Good Timothy Green at first felt sad; he pondered long and well  
Whether the match was good or bad, and, pondering, could not tell.  
Jones talked of stocks in large amounts, was alternately "long" or "short;"  
He mentioned his several bank accounts, and deemed it merely sport  
To take in a thousand shares or so, but seldom seemed content  
To find on his balance-sheet a show of less than ten per cent.  
The Great Galvanic, his special pride, kept quiet since it started,  
For prudential reasons, was little known 'till with treasury stock he'd parted,  
And a "flyer" which Timothy Green had made, with margin in Jones' hands,  
Had shown a profit quick and large—better than crops or lands.  
Tom told how the property, far out West, in the most auriferous ground,  
Had croppings and leads surpassing the best—the richest deposits found;  
That money was needed, and work to be done, to avoid a "jump" to the claim,  
And handed a parcel of stock, with notes, to which Timothy signed his name,  
While liberal Jones, to make things right, turned over a thousand shares  
As nest-egg for "Mother," while the price was low, lest a rise come unawares,  
And Tom declared that, very soon, the Galvanic's ore would sell,  
And nothing in the mining camps had ever promised half so well.

Then Jones, in loving words and deeds, impatient was and grew so dear  
That, though the engagement promise stood, "no wedding for a year,"  
The day was set, the dresses bought, and preparations made  
By all the little household—and the bills were promptly paid.  
Then Hannah moved about the house, as everything progressed,  
And in the new life coming a bride's delight she guessed,  
Giving a woman's trust and love—her whole heart in her hand,  
Teaching her woman's nature in her faith to understand  
That love, as it should be, was a prize too rare to be lightly won,  
And that confidence deep at the root of it lies ere love-life has begun.

In silent moments she asked herself  
If Beverly's heart were hers,  
And whether a dowry of lands or pelf  
In love-thought ever occurs;  
And whether the man who had traveled wide,  
Who had flirted with ladies fine,  
In seeking an honest country bride,  
Loved her more than Galvanic Mine.

With easy grace Jones scorned the doubt. His was no sunshine love, he said,  
And laughingly kissed a tear away, as Hannah playfully tossed her head;  
He needed a wife to share his luck; a woman loving, pure and good;  
His love-vows were no romance—she might test them as she would.

Three months had passed; just ninety days, in the lovers' calendar counted out.  
 The old brown house was gayest, and the neighbors round about  
 Were bid to the wedding; and Jones' friends their most engaging powers asserted,  
 As they danced a reel with Meadowbrook girls, and with the prettiest toyed and flirted;  
 While the spinsters admired the traveling dress and argued whether or no  
 There was luck for a bride on a stormy day, when away in the snow she'd go.  
 Then short farewells were spoken; the old folks had their say;  
 The handful of rice and a slipper were thrown far after the sleigh.  
 And the covered trunk, with initials new, checked out on the train that night,  
 Had a Bible from mother, with passages marked, 'neath the clothing hid from sight.

There were silent hours for Timothy Green when the day's work was completed;  
 The house seemed strange, with Hannah away, when wife and he were seated;  
 He complained that his "specs were cloudy," and a tear, like a bright glass bead,  
 Fell down on the sheet before him, when her letters he tried to read.  
 She wrote of her new acquaintances, of her cosy cottage room,  
 So bright with books and pictures that nowhere was there gloom;  
 Told how the folks who called on her, so friendly seemed inclined,  
 That no young bride, in city life, such kindly friends could find.  
 They lived in a suburb, a few miles out, in one of the prettiest spots,  
 Of a half-fledged village, with some "swell" folks who owned the corner lots,  
 And the shaded lane leading toward the house, hid from inquisitive eye  
 What the inmates might be doing, from neighbors inclined to pry.

So time rolled on—spring, summer, fall;  
 Each with its changes, in-doors and out,  
 With varied pleasures, sorrows small,  
 And some regret, and little doubt.  
 A summer visit to New Hampshire's hills,  
 Closed but too soon, left Hannah free  
 To think of granite rocks and winding rills  
 Where often, girl-like, she so loved to be.  
 Thanksgiving came: the big New England feast  
 Its own good praises had good right to sing  
 In home-made dishes, neither last nor least,  
 And sounds of laughter made the old house ring.

She sat an hour in her childhood's room, with mother by her side.  
 'Twas not for any complaining word, but for old times, she cried;  
 And the story, slowly given, came unbidden, piece by piece.  
 That she longed for the country homestead, and from city life release.  
 For Tom was little comfort, with money enough to spend,  
 When Jones and he thought duty done, dispatches they would send  
 Of "Kept in town. Directors meet. Home late, to-night." And soon  
 She found her husband's company a privilege and a boon.  
 The friends who came to dine and wine made Bedlam of the night,  
 And many a game was played and won, with money kept from sight.  
 Quick visits were so often made, to some distant place, not named,  
 That Hannah, in trust of Beverly's word, felt doubting and ashamed  
 To ask the reason, since for business needs 'twas best;  
 And Tom, with satchel duly packed, had started for the West.  
 As Treasurer, he had gone away, to "see how the claim panned out,"  
 And Hannah was left alone to love, to watch, to think, to doubt.  
 Still, true to her trust, and true to herself, she hid her sorrows deep,  
 Till often the morning hours found her sobbing herself to sleep.

There was talk on the Street of the Galvanic Mine, the market full of stock,  
 And careful paragraphs promptly said the concern had reached "pay-rock;"  
 The loans required to help the scheme and ship the glistening ore  
 Were rapidly taken, Jones declared, by bankers who asked for more;  
 And the Board of Directors—all his friends—to make things right and fair  
 Proposed a trip to London—Jones could place a big block there:  
 The mission—a confidential one—no word must now betray;  
 Not even their nearest neighbor must know he was going away.  
 "Just a few weeks, my darling—then—back again to you.  
 I'd take you along for the pleasure, but this must be hurried through."

In their neat, bay-windowed chamber, with its carefully-shaded light,  
 They sat alone and listened, on one early summer night—  
 Hannah to pattering rain-drops fast beating upon the pane.  
 And Jones, with quick ear, waiting for hoof-falls in the lane.  
 She fancied her husband started, as, pressing his hands to his head,  
 He seemed to be watching for something which he waited for in dread.  
 He listened to the sudden wind, then turned the light down dim,  
 And she thought she felt him shudder as she put out her arms to him.  
 "There! there!" he said, and held her head down to his shoulder tight,  
 "Only a run to London, then all will come out right.  
 The Galvanic must be floated—" A sound of horses' feet,  
 The grating of wheels on the graveled road, and out in the village street  
 A wagon stood 'neath the dripping trees. A knock at the small side door,  
 And Jones greeting to some one he "expected an hour before."  
 Below, in the library, she could hear the visitor's measured tread,  
 As solemn it seemed, and as steady, as theirs who carry the dead.  
 Her husband called. She found his friend talking in accents low.  
 They started as she entered, and all that she heard was "Go!"  
 'Twas an intimate friend of the dining set, and he spoke with air polite:  
 "This trip abroad's quite sudden. He must ride into town to-night."

A dim foreboding of evil, and temples which throbbed with pain,  
 As she held up her lips, with a smothered sigh, for the good-night kiss again.  
 No man, with heart not made of stone, could have looked in her quiet face,  
 Where doubt and anxiety held their own, but distrust showed no trace—  
 And Jones had a little of softer stuff than granite in his, to his praise,  
 As he saw the beseeching, loving look in Hannah's steady gaze:  
 "A wet ride, and a fast one; I'll be back in the morning, pet;  
 Don't worry for me till the ship sails—I'm not on the ocean yet!"  
 Few words to her—one lingering kiss—and a light from the doorway shone  
 Upon the drizzling rain which fell, and Hannah was left alone.

Away, in the dark, the men had gone—and Hannah's heart went, too;  
 For she loved the man who had left her, and her heart to its pledge was true:  
 Too true to its vows, indeed it was—for with the dawn of day  
 There came other men, with questions sharp, for him who had gone away.  
 Her denial of his flight was true. She did not know the rest,  
 And answered, with her firmest tone when inquiries were pressed.  
 One man, despite his rough, round face, saw just how matters stood;  
 He was used to detective duty, but he knew what it was to be good.

"Your husband's fled from justice, ma'am; you'd better leave this place.  
 It's hard, I know, ma'am, but you're brave—look trouble in the face.  
 The 'Great Galvanic' bubble's burst; your father's in the lurch,  
 Since Beverly Jones, its President, took you for his bride in church.  
 I reckon you knew but *one* of his names—he's pretty well known over-sea,  
 And he's worked it well, with his Galvanic Mine, and dividends yet to be!  
 The game's up now. Of these things here, whatever's really your own—  
 Whatever you had before you became the wife of him that's flown—  
 You may take away—but at once, you see—for before to-morrow night  
 There'll be an inventory here, and everything sealed up tight."

The mystery of her lonely nights: the story a gossiping neighbor told;  
 The stock in the mine that Tom had bought; the shares to her father sold,  
 The weary hours of watching; her husband's strange reserve;  
 The actions she, for love of him, neglected to observe;  
 The many cunning stratagems of which she had not thought,  
 Came in a moment's memories, and each its sorrow brought.

"Is this all true? God help me then! I'm strong—pray, let me go!"  
 She murmured, staggering to her room; then turned, and whispered low:  
 "Back to my dear old home again—I've father and mother *there*!  
 They'll take me back to them again." A strange and vacant stare  
 Was the look from out her brown eyes then, as all her strength gave way,  
 And, with face pressed to the pillow, a half-crazed woman lay.

"You sent that message last night, Bob?" one of the officers said,  
 As he tenderly put the cold, pale hands back from the pillowed head.



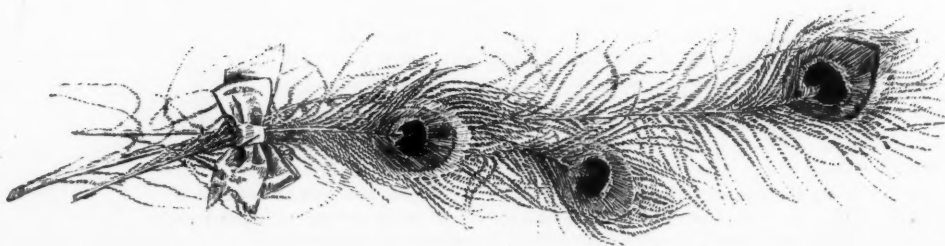
"Yes; and the old un's sure to come—he isn't a man to give in.  
 He's a rich up-country farmer, an' he's honest enough to win.  
 There's an early train; he'll be here soon—it's nearly time for it—so  
 You see to the girl, an' I'll just look what's likely to be the show.  
 A snug little place, but the 'personals' I reckon won't clean up much—  
 A lot of household furniture, fine pictures, carpets, and such."  
 "What's that? The whistle? Then the Governor'll soon be here.  
 There's a hatful of trouble *inside*—and *outside*—things are queer."  
 The train was in; and soon there came a sturdy, brave old man,  
 Who took his child to his arms again, as only a father can.  
 "Bad business, boys!" he said to the men. "This girl was all my hope.  
 She's fallen into a villain's hand; but there's always an *end* to a rope.  
 Whatever's *hers* I'll take with *me*—the rest belongs to the Law.  
 A sorry day for the folks at home when Hannah that man saw!"

Softly and tender the good man spoke, as the sorrowing girl looked up;  
 No word of reproach was uttered; no drop to her misery's cup.  
 The staunch New England farmer put back the coming tear,  
 For Hannah was all his own again—his duty was plain and clear.  
 A lesson most bitter he had learned, and Tom must learn it, too;  
 For his path in the world was rugged; he must fight his own way through.

The old house looked almost the same. The wife stood at the door,  
 As the faltering steps of the stricken girl fell on the sill once more;  
 And the half-doors swung wide open, as they had done years ago,  
 When Hannah was in short clothes and the fields were white with snow.  
 She had gone away in the winter. More than a year had passed;  
 There were leaves on the trees for her welcome now; the brook ran free and fast;  
 A mother's fond kiss greeted her, as she, weeping, bowed her head,  
 With loving hands she clasped her, and a silent prayer was said.

"She's home again with us, Sarah. Poor Hannah's not to blame;  
 Many a foolish woman has suffered and borne the same.  
 I've worked for many years, my dear; I've roughed it hard and long;  
 But I'm sound in health and mind, wife; these tough old arms are strong,  
 There's a good New Hampshire farm still left—there's plenty of ground to till—  
 It made me rich once, Sarah—and it's good for a big crop still;  
 So just be kind to Hannah—she's back again once more—  
 Thank God, she has a father!" And he closed the old half-door—  
 Shut out the world, and kept the love of the parents fast within:  
 There was still a home for Hannah, and her error had been no sin.

We'll stick to the farm and farming—I know what stock will bring—  
 The other kind, not fed on grass, will do for that State Street ring.  
 We'll give them the Great Galvanic, when I've plowed it under deep.  
 We've something in this homestead—this broad old farm we'll keep.  
 If Tom don't care to farm it—wants mining shares and trash,  
 He may work his way on credit—but without my name or cash."



# JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

## CHAPTER X.

A WIDE world of whirling white out of doors. The Christmas storm which had set in at noon, and raged unremittingly until, in the premature twilight, to an observer on the front porch, the big walnut tree was but a darkening of the low-hanging glooms in that direction, except when the wind cleft the swaying curtain of snow with the cimeter of a hyperborean Saladin, and a black bough—like an arm shot up suddenly in prayer or execration—was thrust upon the view. The ground was already buried inches deep—the porch-steps were an inclined plane. Barn-yard noises—the tinkle of cow-bells, the answering calls of dams and calves and the more distant bleating of folded sheep—had the muffled sound as if heard through a woolly medium, which is familiarly pleasant to those who have noted the features of a steady snowfall. The homestead stood alone and steadfast, the one fixed object in the wavering waste that was the landscape. A great drift lay athwart the front door; others against the chimneys and in the angles of the roof.

Within, the great parlor was full to the remotest corner of scarlet shine from the riotous yule fire, underpinned with "fat" lightwood knots and roofed with hickory logs. The hexagons of glass in the book-case doors were patens of bright gold; the perpendicular disk of the light-stand shone like a polished shield. The festoons of running cedar and the holly-boughs in the vases seemed astir with dancing shadows. From the ceiling hung a bunch of mistletoe; studded with waxen berries, pulsing visibly in the current of warmed air.

A company of about twenty young people was wound and knotted in a semicircular ring at a respectful distance from the heart of the glare. This had been a "dining-day" at Summerfield. Two Archers, an Eggleston, a Page, a Craig, two Venables, a Carrington, three Macons, and two of the Burleigh Reads, with the Summerfield residents, made up the party. They would all lodge under our roof that night. If the number of bedrooms in the homestead had been less by half than it was, none of them would have been suffered to depart. Christmas Day, kept this year on Monday, the 26th of December, was the beginning of a series of "junktetings" that would overrun the holiday week. On the morrow the throng would break bounds and snow-drifts to swarm down upon Burleigh, the residence of my great-uncle, Lyle Read, by whom the guests would be entertained for a day and a night. On Wednesday they were expected at Hunter's Rest; on Thursday by the Sleepy Creek Venables; on Friday at Fonhill, the ancestral seat of the Archers. These were regular engagements, from which would spring divers impromptu diversions and suggestions for prolongation of the convivialities.

There was no dancing in Presbyterian houses, but the day had gone by merrily. The first carriage drove up at half-past eleven. Dinner was served at two o'clock on two tables running the whole length of the dining-room. Oysters, roast turkeys, wild and domestic; roast pig, duck, mutton and beef, boiled ham, fried chicken, sweet

and Irish potatoes, hominy, rice, black-eyed peas, turnips, parsnips, cold-slaw, pickles of every conceivable kind, and no less than twenty dishes of sweets, including mince, lemon, apple and custard-pie, damson puffs, the ever-luscious, transparent pudding, plum pudding, preserves, cakes, jellies and cream—somewhat in this order went the feast. Tiny glasses of home-made *liqueur* prefaced it in the parlor, and tumblers of Aunt Betsey's famous egg-nogg went around with the dessert. Just before bed-time she would compound a mighty bowl of the same as a general night-cap. Into this would go:

3 pints of peach brandy,  
("Hunter's Rest" brand, smooth as oil, clear as amber, and fifteen years old);  
3 gallons of fresh milk,  
5 dozen eggs—yolks and whites beaten separately;  
1½ lbs. best loaf sugar,  
1 nutmeg, grated.

Captain Macon, although compelled to dine at home with his spinster visitors, had ridden over with his sons and daughter purposely to "quaff"—standing, and his hand upon his heart—"a beaker of the incomparable beverage brewed

'By nae hands as ye may guess  
Save those of fairlie fair.'

It was clear that the true-hearted old officer bore his former flame no ungenerous grudge for her unexplained silence almost thirty years ago.

Everybody, including my saintly grandmother, tasted egg-nogg at Christmas. Nobody had taken enough of any kind of stimulant to make him either stupid or over-merry at this the hour when fun and jollity reached the climax. We had music at intervals throughout the afternoon. Aunt Maria's harmonica was a mahogany box about four feet long and as many in width, and eighteen inches deep. A hinged cover, when lifted, revealed rows of hemispherical glasses mounted on footless stems, set in sockets. The vessels were arranged in octaves, the larger representing the base, the smaller the treble keys of a harpsichord. When used, a super-numerary goblet was filled with water, and the fingertips dipped in this were passed deftly around the rims of those bearing the names of the desired notes of music. These were the "musical glasses" popular at the period, sets of which may still be found once in a great while in old mansions. The music was a sweet, vibrant legato strain, best adapted for sacred and plaintive airs. Aunt Maria played well and with ease that tempted one to imagine that the dulcet ring following the motion of her hands flowed spontaneously from the slender brown fingers. Mr. Bradley accompanied her on the flute in selections from Moore's "National Airs," a book he had brought from Richmond in September.

Miss Virginia Dabney was a skillful pianist, but in the absence of that instrument was persuaded to sing to a flute second a ballad named by Mr. Bradley. Hand-organs have taken all the music out of the somewhat shallow melody, and parodists achieved their usual *reductio ad absurdum* for the rhymes which were never poetry; but, given in her tender trill and pure articula-

tion, tactful expression supplying soul to the words, it was listened to with feeling, applauded enthusiastically.

I transcribe the song, that the reader may compare the lyrical taste of our grandparents with that which considers the popular English ballad as very weak lemonade, and craves claret-cup and champagne in classic symphony and operatic bravura. Some knowledge of the sentiment conveyed by the words is likewise necessary to a right comprehension of the ensuing conversation:

"A place in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim,  
To pause and look back when thou hearest  
The sound of my name.  
Another may woo thee nearer,  
Another may win and may wear;  
I care not if he be dearer  
So I'm remembered there.

"Remember me not as a lover,  
Whose hopes have been crossed,  
Whose bosom can never recover  
The joy it has lost.  
As a young bride remembers the mother  
She loves, yet ne'er more may see;  
As a sister remembers a brother,  
So, dearest, remember me!

"Remember me, then—and remember  
My calm life, love;  
Though drear as the skies of November  
Its light may prove,  
That life will, though lonely, be sweet  
If its brightest enjoyment should be  
A smile and a kind word when we meet,  
And a place in thy memory."

It was encored by acclamation. The songstress was very lovely in her compliance with the flattering request. Crouched on my sheepskin cushion between the sweep of her pale-blue silk skirt and the wall, I watched her in rapt content. Mr. Bradley stood behind her with his flute at lip. For once Uncle Archie had established himself in the chair next to hers. By leaning back and turning slightly to the left he could look down upon her without seeming intentness of observation. That she was conscious of his gaze I was certain when I marked the heightened damask stealing upward to her forehead as she sang again, and yet more sweetly than at first, the soft contralto of the flute sustaining and enriching the poor little air, with its one imperfectly-hinted musical thought.

"Too disinterested by half!"

The speaker was Roderick Macon. He had borrowed a banjo from "the quarters," and began to screw up the strings while he talked, standing on the outskirt of the semicircle, very tall, black and restless as to wall-shadow.

"If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

The fellow whose highest hope of terrestrial happiness is that the woman who has discarded him may not entirely forget the insignificant fact of his existence, ought to be toned up on milk punch, wine whey and chalybeate bitters. His blood is thin, his brain inert, his gastric juices vitiated."

There was a laugh, for handsome Roderick was a medical student.

"Rod has just reached Dietetics. You must excuse the bent of his ideas," interpolated his sister, in affected mortification. "Now, I should recommend a Spanish fly blister for that unambitious youth, to be applied at the base of the brain. Just to wake him up, you know. Love couldn't do it, it seems."

"It is well that I am not responsible for the sentiment of my song," said Miss Virginia, smiling. "Yet—I suppose you will be ashamed of me as a fellow-woman, Harry, and it is impolitic to confess as much in the hearing of the gentlemen"—blushing bewitchingly—"but I really do think that if I were a man I could sympathize with the feelings of that author. Being a woman, I could honor him for it."

"He may certainly claim the blessing promised to the poor in spirit," observed Branch Archer. "It is lucky he is content to wait for it, since his chances of temporal reward are worse than uncertain."

There was a hum of eager assent and demur from the masculine group that, by a natural law of accretion, always encompassed Harry Macon.

"I believe there are men, neither mean-spirited nor sickly, who could feel what the song expresses," Uncle Archie's strong tones took up the discussion. "The difficulty is that love is seldom so single-hearted as that. The first object is apt to be a man's own happiness, and the second that of the woman he loves. As I look at the case of this discarded suitor, if he had loved her less, he would not have had the courage to give her up. If he had been less sensible, he would have persecuted her until she was disgusted, instead of cherishing his memory as that of the friend who would rather be her brother than the husband of any other woman. There is a great deal that passes for love which is clear selfishness, and for the pain of disappointed affection which is nothing but mortified vanity."

The murmur of criticism and opinion broke out anew. Under cover of it Miss Virginia spoke softly to the companion nearest her.

"Thank you! I thought you would understand!"

A delicately inflected emphasis on the pronoun in the second person made the acknowledgment the more valuable to him who bent to catch it. His eye beamed, the vein in his forehead throbbed. Before he could speak, Roderick Macon swung the banjo aloft in a strummed prelude; his full baritone interrupted the strife of tongues:

"Says the blackbird to the crow,  
What makes white folks hate us so:  
Ever since the first Old Adam was born  
It's been our trade to pull up corn,  
Caw! caw! caw!"

"Oh!" says the nightingale, sitting in the grass,  
Once I loved a handsome lass;  
But, though my voice would charm a king,  
She wouldn't so much as let me sing."

(An excellent imitation of the unwriteable "jug-jug-jug!" of the nightingale.)

"Ah!" says the woodpecker, drumming on a tree,  
Once I wooed a fair lady;  
She grew fickle, and from me fled;  
Ever since then my head's been red."

"Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap!" (with the finger on the wood of the banjo).

"To-whoo!" cries the owl with head so white,  
All alone on a dark, rainy night,  
Oft I hear the young men say,  
"Court by night and sleep by day!"  
To-whit! To-whoo!"

His sister caught the instrument in the concluding flourish, picked at the strings with a touch as practiced as his, in a rollicking melody. Somebody said once that "the banjo laughed whenever she touched it."

"If you want practical, hard common sense, here it is," she said, without breaking the tune:

"Whistle, daughter! whistle! come, now, be very good!"  
"I cannot whistle, mother. You know I never could."



"Whistle, daughter! whistle! and have these lovely flowers!"  
 "I cannot whistle, mother, though I should try for hours."

"Whistle, daughter! whistle! behold a golden ring!"  
 "I cannot whistle, mother! I ne'er did such a thing!"

"Whistle, daughter! whistle! and be in satin dressed!"  
 "I cannot whistle, mother, or I would do my best."

"Whistle, daughter! whistle! and you shall have a man!"  
 "When-ew-ew! when-ew-ew! when-ew-ew! I'll do it if I can!"

Unmoved by the clapping and laughter succeeding the last line, she whistled the air through clearly and correctly, to a dashing banjo accompaniment.

"That shows what motive will accomplish!" she uttered, passing the instrument backward over her head to her brother.

She was a dazzling picture—sitting there on a low stool in the very focus of warm color, and thrown into striking relief by the line of dark-coated men behind her. Her gown of canton crape was of a rich cream in tint, and left to view the perfectly-moulded shoulders and arms. A scarlet scarf was disposed in artistic negligence over one shoulder and caught in a loose knot under the other. Beneath her skirt peeped out the toe of a high-heeled slipper and a red rosette. Her luxuriant hair was combed over a cushion *à la Pompadour*, and wound into close bands on the nape of the neck. Half the men in the room would have been ready at that instant to swear that they adored her. She knew this, and was used to it. She had expanded into glorious bloom in an atmosphere of adulation that would have been death to generous impulse in a less fine nature. If she offended prudes by her avowed fondness for flirtation, and the liking for escapades that sometimes grazed the proprieties, she won comrades to loyalty and lenient elders to indulgence of her most questionable freaks. Even her brother Sidney admitted that "Harry was capable of managing her own affairs." The boldest admirer would not have dared to cross the line she drew sharply between freedom and license. Uncle Archie cast a look of affectionate admiration at her now, laughed with the rest at the latest ebullition of unconquerable levity. He had liked and petted her ever since, as a baby-despot, she would ride on no shoulder but his when her mother brought her for the day or afternoon to Summerfield.

The stiff-backed, claw-footed settees had been walked away from the wall for the convenience of those who would surround the fire. Perched on the arm of one of these, one foot touching the floor, Roderick Macon sang and strummed comic and sentimental songs upon call, until Harry captured the banjo, declaring that she was tired to death of his croaking.

"So is everybody else, but nobody except your faithful sister is enough your friend to tell you so. Mr. Craig cracked his jaws on a particularly tough yawn just now. Don't deny it, Mr. Craig! I am so used to the sound that I recognize the gulp of a swallowed yawn on the instant. I have a delightful bit of news for you all, friends. Listen!" smiling around the ring that looked as well as listened. "It is just the day and the hour and the weather for—GHOST STORIES! We will have nothing else until supper-time, and never a lamp or candle in the room. It used to be the custom at family Christmas parties for people to get around the fire in the evening, each with a vacant chair beside him or her, and talk of spirits until they appeared—and sat down with them!" This in a sepulchral tone, her eyes dilated upon vacancy.

A stifled shriek from a nervous young woman and a universal shudder.

"That was carrying a pleasant custom rather too far for good taste," Harry subjoined, considerate of the whims of weaker natures. "But it is only right and fit—a duty we owe to Christmas, ourselves and the company of shades—to spend the twilight of this day in telling true stories of what is vulgarly termed 'the supernatural'—when it is truly more natural than nature herself! I believe firmly in ghosts. I am neither ashamed nor afraid to confess it. So does every minister I ever forced to speak frankly of the matter, and I have tried dozens. 'It is not a subject to be treated lightly,' they say. 'Hem—em! Such beliefs are prone to degenerate into superstition if the ignorant are allowed to—ah—hem!—embrace them.'"

"Harry!" remonstrated Sidney, yet unable to seem quite grave. "You forget yourself!"

Her imitation of Mr. Burgess was perfect.

"The last person I shall forget while reason reigns, my dear brother! But to leave ghostly fathers and go back to our more interesting ghosts. My father believes in them, fully and solemnly. I think nobody here will doubt his sense and courage!" drawing herself up proudly. "I wrung the confession from him one night last winter, when he and I had the house to ourselves, and the maddest, gloriousest storm was howling outside. He has seen—THINGS—himself. But not so many as—here is a part of my surprise for you—as Mrs. Waddell! Aunt Betsey is a born ghost-seer!"

I detected a swift exchange of glances between Aunt Maria and Uncle Archie. Then the latter spoke lightly:

"Who is to be responsible for the mischief these revelations may do, Miss Harry? Will you sit up to-night with sal-volatile and burnt feathers, to wait upon all the young ladies you frighten out of their wits?"

"The truth is only—hem-em!—perilous to the feeble-minded, my young friend. To the—ah!—enlightened and rational, accustomed to—ah, hem!—weigh evidence, may be safely intrusted the keeping of—hem-em-hem!—mysteries, the key to which we do not at the present possess, Mr. Read!"

"Harry! Harry!" from Sidney, now really uneasy. She went on audaciously.

"We will try this intelligent company by a Scriptural test. 'Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him depart and return early'—that is now, to the Mount Gilead of the dining-room, where the staid and elderly are enjoying unlimited pipes and housekeeping gossip. We who are bold and rational enough to hear the truth will stay here, send an embassy to Mrs. Waddell, and when she comes, coax out of her all she knows. While I count ten the flight may begin."

Of course, nobody moved. Miss Virginia cast a side-long look at me. I squeezed her hand imploringly.

"Please, please let me stay," I whispered.

For answer she made a gesture that bade me crouch more closely to her side for better concealment. Snuggled up under her wing, I possessed myself of one of her arms, kissed it, and laid my cheek against the satin-soft skin in dumb ecstasy.

Mr. Bradley was deputed to entreat Aunt Betsey's presence, her partiality for the handsome tutor being no secret. In his absence Miss Harry continued her discourse, her chin in her palm, elbow on knee, her great eyes like lamps with reflected fire-shine.

"Yes! I believe in apparitions and wraiths and guardian angels and omens and presentiments—and especially in dreams. Many of my dreams come true. The reason most people dream to no effect is that they pay no attention to the visions of the night. The spirits that whisper them to us are repelled by their indiffer-

ence. I write mine down with the date, always. I had an awful one last night!"

She gave a shiver that seemed real. An instant demand for the narration of the vision arose from all sides.

"It will not amuse you, good people! I told it at the breakfast-table. The maiden aunts said it was a warning, and advised me to 'stay at home and lay it to heart,' and poor Di nearly fainted. Papa says it grew out of the sermon yesterday. He scolded me for telling it in the hearing of the servants. They have such inflammable imaginations! I thought I was standing on a hill-top at the dead of night— But perhaps some of you have combustible imaginations?" checking herself abruptly.

There was a clamorous asseveration to the contrary. Miss Virginia doubtless had no fears respecting the effect of dreams or ghost stories upon a child brought up so sensibly as I had been, and whose association was almost entirely with her elders. I should have known, too, that Harry Macon was such a madcap that people never attached much importance to her vagaries. But I shall carry the memory of vision and ghostly tale until reason and recollection give way together.

Harry took up the thread of the relation, gazing into the fire, and, as she proceeded, apparently oblivious of present scene and auditors, her tones sinking into a musical monotone, as in dreamy soliloquy.

"I was standing on a hill-top at the dead of night. The sky was full of stars, and the Northern lights were shooting up from the horizon. I was alone, but not lonely or timid. Presently I made out that the hill was that on which the Bienvenu house used to stand. I could see the roof of Old Singinsville, and the creek winding through the low-grounds and the river on my right hand, both shining like glass as the Northern lights streamed higher and higher. Then other lights began to gleam in the south, east and west, long spears and lances of white flame mounting up, up, up, until they covered the heavens and met at the zenith. There they formed a big, luminous cross, shedding rays in every direction—a blazing cross, raining white light down the sides of the firmament clear to the earth. Everything was as bright as day—and brighter. I could count the stones in the graveyard and the blades of corn in the low-grounds. Still everything was as still as death, and I was all alone, and did not feel afraid. I wished for Papa, and that Di were not so much afraid of the night air, and smiled, to think how Rod and Sid would explain it all upon natural principles when I should tell them about it to-morrow.

"Suddenly a crimson glow quivered up from the north and spread fast, streaming upward and around until the heavens were as red as blood, flickering and throbbing just as the bed of coals there does. As the glow reached the cross, that began to change shape, until, before I could feel surprised, an immense bell hung where the white cross had been—a crimson bell, and in it a mighty clapper, like a burning coal. There were fiery letters on the outside of the bell running around the edge. They made a single word—'DOOM!'"

"Harry Macon!" Sally Page cried out, a sick tremor shaking the roses from her cheeks, "I think it is wicked to dream such things, and as sinful to repeat them!"

"I advised you to go to Mount Gilead," retorted the narrator. "I told you all that inflammable imaginations weren't safe when there was fire around. There is worse coming. I'll wait until you have gone into the other room."

It was impossible not to laugh when Sally protested

that she "would not budge a step. She was as brave as other people. But she was thankful *she* never had such horrid dreams. She knew she should die of fright before she woke up."

"Very likely," rejoined Harry. "I am not easily frightened, even in my sleep. I stood staring up at the monstrous bell, wishing more than ever that Papa and the boys were there to see it, and wondering what the inscription meant. Still there was no one on the hill but me, and I was not at all afraid.

"'DOOM!' said I aloud. 'To whom, I wonder!'"

"At that second the clapper vibrated and the bell began to toll! The boom shook heaven and earth. It rings in my ears now. Instantly the hill-top and sides and the low-grounds were crowded with people, and, looking around, I saw other hills, miles away, packed with faces, all gazing up at the great crimson bell, and trembling at the deafening strokes. In the graveyard by the church the stones were heaving and the ground opening, and forms were rising in white shrouds to join the multitude. Still no one uttered a sound. There was nothing to be heard but that slow 'toll! toll! toll!' It was strange, but I was not terrified, and saw nobody I knew.

"In the twinkling of an eye a man started up above the heads of the people. I saw it was Mr. Dudley. His shout rang out like a trumpet—was heard above the bell.

"*'It is the great and terrible day of the Lord! Cry unto Zion that her warfare is accomplished! Come out of Babylon, my people, until these calamities be overpast!'*"

"By the time the words were spoken the bell and the glow and the stars went out, all at once, and I was hurrying along over the deep sand of a desert with Papa and Di, trying to make our way to the sea. We were escaping from the persecution of Christians set on foot by the Man of Sin spoken of in the Bible. Wherever we turned we saw stakes and fires and martyrs burning. The sea-shore was lined with them—the hills were lighted by them. We could smell the pitch in which the fagots were dipped. We walked and walked, our feet sinking in hot sand. Di was tired out, and Papa picked her up and carried her. Poor Papa! red coat and all! And I carried his cane. The top was made in the shape of a cross, and he charged me not to lose it. Once I hid it behind a sand-heap, but he sent me back for it, and made me hold it up high as we walked, that we might 'add our testimony to the truth of Christianity.'

"We will not make our escape from torture and death under false pretenses!" he said.

"Wasn't that just like the dear, stanch old Christian soldier?"

She laughed softly and was silent, still gazing into the intense depths of the fire. The blaze rushed up the chimney-throat with the blast of forge-flames. The white whirl outside of the windows was ashy-gray; the wind howled and sobbed, with now and then a shriller cry as of sudden pain or remembered anguish. For a whole minute nothing was said. Then Sally Page moved impatiently.

"Well? What then? Go on!"

Harry did not withdraw her eyes from the scarlet coals.

"That is all!" she answered abstractedly. "There is nothing more."

"Really and truly?"

"Really and truly! Did you ever hear of a wound-up, rounded-off and finished dream? They always end in the middle and unsatisfactorily. Like some lives!"



As the door opened she sprang up, all mischief and animation, and ran to seize and secure the seeress.

"We thought you were never coming!" she pouted at Mr. Bradley.

"I had to use craft to get her at all," was his defense. "She was begirt with admirers three deep."

There was a flush on Aunt Betsey's face that on a less benignant visage might have been read as gratified vanity, a gleam like triumph in her eyes. At dinner she had been calm, but attent upon the business of the hour, fine breeding and the wisdom of experience combining to suppress outward evidence of solicitude as to the successful movement of the repast. Supper was a bagatelle that rested like a feather on the lake of hospitable design. For the rest of the day she had but to enjoy and be enjoyed.

Harry led her in stately progress to the biggest arm-chair, set a stool beneath the trim feet encased in prunella slippers, threw both arms about her neck and kissed her.

"Now!" subsiding into an enchanting mass of creamy crape, scarlet scarf and winsome smiles upon a foot-cushion before her—"you are going to be an angel and tell us all—taking as long a time as you can, because it is Christmas, and nobody else ever did, ever does or ever can tell such Christmas tales as you—all about the Trueheart Ghost—the one you and Papa saw!"

It is needless to say that Aunt Betsey demurred, hesitated, wavered, in just accordance with conventionalism and expectation. Almost as superfluous to state that the several stages of reluctance were in time overcome by argument and coaxing. It may not be amiss to

mention that she had, from the outset, the secret intention to yield in the end. Story-telling was her passion, and she was (modestly) conscious of her aptitude in the art. On an ordinary occasion she would have succumbed out of hand at Harry Macon's hug and kiss. The Trueheart Ghost was a different affair. She had been choice of repeating it of late years, and in earlier days there were reasons why the history should be made known to few. But for Captain Macon's concession to his favorite daughter's entreaties in their *lête-à-lête* talk on the night of the "maddest, gloriousest storm," the chances are that the witch would never have had an inkling of the existence of the mystery. If the *raconteur* had lived in this day she might have pleaded that the natural emotion consequent upon the narration, the inevitable return in some measure, of the excitement of the events she recalled, would draw so heavily upon nervous forces, involve so rapid a waste of cellular tissue, that it was not safe to repeat it too often or abruptly.

Aunt Betsey liked attention, and to have her tales made much of. Her professional eye appreciated the possibilities of the present situation. Christmas night; a circle of enthusiastic *young* listeners; firelight and "the tumultuous privacy of storm;" herself the only elderly person importuned, or even invited to contribute to the enjoyment of the gay party! Quibble and protest and disclaimer were meet prefatory ceremonies, like undoing the clasps, opening the volume and clearing one's throat before beginning what everybody was dying to hear. To this commingling of motives and emotion we were indebted for the true and authentic account of THE TRUEHEART GHOST.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WIDOW LOCKERY.

BY ANGELINE TEAL.

I MADE her acquaintance at an Old Settlers' reunion. The club, which held its yearly meetings at Gershom, was composed of the surviving pioneers of 1839. All persons who, either as adults or children, had settled in the district covered by the organization previous to or within that year were entitled to enrollment.

I was spending the summer with a friend who called herself an old settler by marriage. Her husband, Colonel Hugh Hastings, had come into the wilds with his parents at the age of two years, and so had grown up with the country in a literal sense. They lived at Barhan Station, on the line of the one railroad which traversed the county. Gershom, the county-seat, was six miles distant.

It was arranged on the morning of the reunion that my friend Marian and I should drive over early with the children and spend the entire day. The Colonel kept a saddle horse, and would follow in the afternoon.

We started in the dew, yet when we reached Gershom the village was all astir. At ten o'clock the beautiful picnic grounds on the banks of Shokobee Lake were swarming with the population of many townships. The Old Settlers proper were not a numerous band, but their assemblies had come to be gala days with the entire community.

Passing among the groups gathered here and there,

one caught bits of characteristic talk. A group of men were discussing wheat prospects. They seemed to belong to that class in whom the uncertainty of the farmer's hope had bred a condition of chronic foreboding. One said the wheat was too strong, and would all be "lodged" before harvest. Another thought the recent heavy rains would produce "rust in the stalk." A third predicted a hot, dry time, that would cause it to "fire at the root."

"How does *your* wheat look, Dave?"

The question was asked of a tall, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had been listening to the rest and saying nothing.

"Derned 'f I know," was the reply. "I sowed it in good time and good style last fall, and I hain't looked at it since. Lookin' does no good, nor croakin', nuther."

Old Seth Householder had been a remarkably good shot in his time. We paused in our saunter to hear him tell about it. He was a grotesque old man, with yellowish curling hair hanging over the collar of his clean calico shirt.

"I presume ther's a good many old fellers here," said he, "that minds about the doggery Hank Sloan kep' over on the old State road. He kep' a little stock of grocery, too, and about once a fortni't he'd hev a shootin'-match. He'd tie up bundles of tea and terbac-

ker and sugar, and we'd shoot fer 'em. Well, one afternoon in the beginnin' of winter—it was the thirty-first of November, if I mind right—Hank had a shoot. Ther' was just seventy-three of them packages, and when the match was out, and Hank told 'em over, all but four was marked "*S. Householder*." Yas, that was rather fair shootin'. I was tol'able handy with a rifle them days. I tell you, gentlemen, it's all in the *optic nerve of the eye*. Ther's whare it lays."

The band began playing on the rostrum, and the multitude moved toward the music.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never called to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And the days of auld lang syne?"

The sweet horns seemed to speak the very words!

There was roll-call, answered to in voices varying from the robust, mellow tones of middle age to the feeble quaver of the octogenarian. A brief biographical obituary of a late member was read. Then the orator of the day was introduced. After the speech came the basket dinner under the trees. The afternoon was devoted to music and story-telling. A venerable Methodist preacher gave an account of his own circuit-riding in the early days. A Barhan banker recalled the fact that he had come into the county, at the age of sixteen, as chain-bearer in a surveying company. An aged farmer named Manning arose.

"I was the first white settler in Deer Lick Township. Things was middlin' onhandy 'long at first. What 'ud folks think now of drivin' thirty miles for a bag of seed wheat and two plow-pints? I did that in '37—druv it with oxen, too. It was powerful hard work clearin' up my land—timber so heavy and help so scarce. I had one hired hand that done me a heap of good. He was only a boy, but he was a good one, strong-fisted and keen-witted. He'd chop all day and study his books till ten o'clock at night. He's here to day, friends, and maybe some of you knows who I mean. It's Judge Tazewell, there on the platform. He split and laid up the rails that fenced my first clearin'. He's been to Congress since, and I'm proud to say he's been as honest a law-maker as he was a fence-maker. I propose three cheers for the rail-splitter of the old Tenth district."

They were given with energy, and Judge Tazewell came down and shook hands with Uncle Eli Manning.

The president of the club then asked how many in the assembly had any personal recollection of a two-days' hunt for a lost child in the autumn of '41.

"Answer Sunday-school fashion," said he, and about half a dozen hands went up.

"Is the Widow Lockery here?" he next inquired.

"I reckon she is," came the answer in a woman's voice from somewhere in the crowd.

"Mrs. Lockery," continued the president, "found the lost child, and if she will tell us all about it, I, for one, will be much pleased. I have a vague impression of the terror which the hunt produced and the excitement it aroused in my childish mind; but I do not remember that I ever heard the occurrence fully described by any one who took part in the search."

He glanced again in the direction whence came that prompt response, and sat down.

A tall, straight woman rose from her seat, walked slowly down the aisle between the rude benches, and took a position facing the people. She seemed in no hurry to begin her story, but deliberately took off her starched bonnet and laid it on the grass beside her. She was the most remarkable personage I had seen that day. Though fully seventy years old, she was erect as

an Indian, and gave one the impression of great physical power. Her iron-gray hair grew low over her forehead, and was gathered into a great, rough-looking knot at the back of her head, and secured in its place by a brass comb. Her complexion was swarthy, and her dark eyes were shaded by darker brows which almost met above her prominent aquiline nose. Her lips closed firmly, and her whole face had an expression of unspeakable sadness.

"Friends and neighbors," she began; and all at once I found myself smiling, as I observed many others doing. Never before did human countenance so quickly transform its expression. The dark eyes twinkled, the corners of the mouth gave a humorous curl, the lips parting in speech revealed a double row of perfect natural teeth, gleaming with drollery, and the whole changed physiognomy was laughter-provoking.

"Friends and neighbors: Seein' as how Mr. Evans has sort o' give out that I'm the herowine o' this tale o' terror, maybe it would sound better for some one else to tell it. So much by way of preface.

"It was Benjamin Nyfer's child that was lost. Ben started one mornin' in October to get some grindin' done. There was no mill nearer than the one on Taylor's Fork, twelve miles off, and the way roads was then, it would take him away 'long into the night to get home. That little boy o' his'n, just five year old, took a notion to go 'long, but his Pa wouldn't let him. He whipped the poor little fellow in the mornin' for cryin' to go; but when he started the child just follered the wagon and bawled to be took in. The other young ones told me that; and that precious mother o' his'n, instead of coaxin' him into the house and fryin' him a dough horse, and twistin' him five or six yards of tow string for drivin'-lines, just went on about her work, and paid no 'tention to him till he was clean out o' sight. 'Long towards noon Mary Ann Nyfer, the oldest gal, came over to my house, lookin' real scairt, and said Sammy was lost. He'd follered his Pa a ways in the mornin' and hadn't come back. I says right away:

"'He's all right. Your father's give in to his yellin' and took him 'long.'

"But the gal shook her head, and remarked:

"Father never gives in to nuthin'. He's druv him back, and Sammy's lost."

"I went home with her, and found Luke Wilson there. We three families lived purty cloast—all within a mile. Luke thought just as I did, that Nyfer had took the boy along, but the mother and Mary Ann seemed to doubt it. Wilson said he'd go down the road, and stop at Fell's and Harder's—maybe little Sam had stopped to play. Well, he didn't find him, and the good feller hoofed it on till he met Nyfer, three or four miles this side the Fork. There was no Sammy with him. He said the child had turned back at the big shingle-tree stump, about a mile from home.

"When Ben druv up to his house, there was quite a company of the neighbors there waitin' to see if he had the boy. A sarch was started that night with lanterns and kep' up till mornin'. Word was sent fur and near, and before noon the next day three townships were on the hunt. Horns was blowed, bells rung, and the poor baby's name called in hundreds of voices. The woods and swamps was scoured and every brush heap and holler log peeked into.

"The sarch lasted another night and another day, till in the afternoon some begun to give out, myself among the number. I went home and throwed myself onto my bed with my clothes on, and slept as I'd never slept before. About ten o'clock that evenin' I woke up

sudden, just as wide awake as I am this minute. My mind seemed uncommon clear and quick. 'That child can't be fur away,' I thought. 'He's been with the rest to the huckleberry swamp this summer. The trail leadin' to the swamp leaves the main road not fur from the shingle-tree stump. I'd often heard that lost children would never answer when called, but at night, when everything was quiet, they'd cry and make a noise. It seemed as though the hull kentry had been well sarched, but I still believed he was stickin' somewhere in that huckleberry marsh.

"Now, I don't want anybody to think I was a heroine, for I wasn't. I think I felt more 'n common sorry for Rachel Nyfer, because I'd had a dislike to her for quite a spell. It grew out of an egg trade. I wanted a settin' of goose-eggs; she had some, and said she'd let me have a dozen for two dozen hens' eggs. Well, we traded, and I s'posed it was all right, till one day she come over and said she thought she orter have about another half-dozen eggs; for she'd opened a goose-egg shell and then broke two hens' eggs into it, and it *wasn't quite full*. 'Twould have held easy half another egg! I counted out six eggs, and she lugged 'em home; then I told Miss Luke Wilson and one or two other women that I was purty thick with, and we made no end of fun about it whenever we got together.

"I didn't like the general make-up of the woman. She had five purty children, but she didn't seem to take no kind o' comfort with 'em; just pushed 'em one side and druv ahead with her work. She and Nyfer both seemed to think all the duty they owed their young ones was to make 'em mind from the word go, and dig away like all possess, to make property for 'em. But I was there that evenin' when Ben came home without the boy, and I saw 'em stand and look in each other's faces, like the end of the world had come, and neither one could help the other. Then she went about puttin' a bit of supper onto the table; but when she set out Sam's little tin plate and mug, all the mother in her broke loose, and she flung herself down, shudderin' and sobbin' in a way I'll never forget. Well, seein' as how I'd kinder misjudged the creetur for havin' no heart, I felt pushed to make one more try for that poor lost kid o' hern; so I jumped right up and said out loud:

"*'With the Lord's help, I'll find him yet!'*

"I lit my lantern and shaded it so it let just a little light down onto the ground. Then I went over the road, just as I guessed the boy had done, turnin' off on the trail at the big red-oak stump, and took right down to the swamp. There I stopped and listened, still as death. Sure as there's mercy for us all above, I heard him almost right away.

"Oh, ma!" Such a pitiful call! Then he cried and whimpered, very weak, like his breath was 'most gone, and his heart 'most broke. I followed that sound and found him easy. He was mired to his arm-pits in mud and water. I couldn't at first see how I was to get to him. There was the body of a big walnut tree lyin' back on the hard ground, and the bark was loose. I pulled it off in slabs and threwed 'em onto the hummocks, and so bridged my way out to that little yaller head. He struggled wild when I first pulled him out; then gave up in a kind of faint. I carried him home in a hurry. There was still a good many people at Nyfer's. They made some milk warm and put a taste of liquor in it, and forced a few drops down his throat, as you've done to a chilled lamb on a winter's mornin'. He was bathed and rubbed and wrapped in soft flannin and laid in the baby's warm nest afore the fire. Nyfer and his wife stood lookin' down at him.

"Raich," said he—and she looked up, her black eyes a-swimmin' and her face all a-tremble. Then he took her into his arms and held her cloast—"Raich, we hain't loved one another enough, and we hain't loved our children enough. There's that that's better'n money and land, and for the rest of our lives we'll try and keep holt of it."

"And I believe they did. The little boy had a fever, but he came out all right at last. Miss Nyfer died about five years after that, and he took the family and went back East. Of course, I wouldn't have told this story just as I have if any of 'em had been around."

The people had listened closely, and when Mrs. Lockery put on her bonnet and resumed her seat the hush was so profound that we could hear, high above our heads, the twittering clamor of a nest of young tanagers, to whom the mother-bird had brought a worm.

The next to address the assembly was a noble-looking old man with silvery-white hair. It was Mr. Luke Wilson, or 'Squire Wilson, as he was generally called. He had a firm, intellectual head, and when he spoke his language was correct and well chosen.

"The Widow Lockery," he began, "has disclaimed all right to the title of heroine. Do not let the verdict be rendered till I have finished what I am about to relate. My friend and neighbor for forty years will, I know, pardon me if I for once lift the veil from a passage of her experience to which she seldom alludes, and of which many in this audience have never heard. Nothing has been told here to-day, nothing could be told, more strongly illustrative of the courage and endurance of the pioneer spirit, at least of the spirit of one brave pioneer.

"One winter evening, many years ago, a stranger presented himself at the cabin of Thomas and Ruth Lockery, and begged a night's lodging. He was a Canadian, completely tired out, and far from well. Neither Lockery nor his wife had it in them to turn a sick stranger from their door; so they gave him supper and a bed. The next day he was unable to rise, and before night he broke out with small-pox.

"The following morning when I went out to feed my cattle I happened to look toward Lockery's, and saw on a sharp rise of ground, about half way between the two houses, a woman standing and beckoning to me. It was my neighbor here. I went toward her, but while I was some distance away she halted me and told me in a few words about the man with the small-pox, and charged me to watch the road and warn the community. She said she had been inoculated, and would not take the disease, but she feared for her husband and children. That day I rode eleven miles to the nearest doctor. His wife cried, and would not let him go. He read his books for an hour, while my horse rested, then he made up a package of medicines for me and I started back. I left the medicines and stimulants on the scrub-oak hill, and Tom came and got them.

"As Ruth had feared, her husband and their two children were taken down. Several out of the nearer families then offered to take all risks and help her nurse her sick, but she firmly refused their assistance.

"I can get along alone," she would say from her post on the hill. 'The Lord gives me strength for all I have to do, and this horror must not spread.' Everything she needed was furnished promptly and abundantly, and this was all she would suffer us to do. The stranger had the disease in its mildest form, but Lockery and the little boys, Amos and Willy, were hopelessly bad from the first. One morning the poor woman called to me that both the children were dead, and told me to



have two coffins brought to the hill that evening at dusk. George Giles and I dug a short, wide grave at a spot on the place which she designated; and that night she took those coffins to her cabin, put her children into them, and buried them with her own hands! One morning, some three weeks later, as I went out of my house just at daybreak, I saw Mrs. Lockery waiting on the hill. She looked changed and bent, and her hair was loose and flying in the wind. I can see it all now. The sky was such a clear, pale gray, and she looked so dark and wild against it! I ran to my old post, from which I had hailed her daily for weeks.

"'Thomas died at midnight,' she called. 'Make his coffin as light as possible to have it strong enough.'

"Then I shouted back:

"'Ruth Lockery, you have done enough! Giles and I will come to-day and bury your dead.' At this she threw up her arms and uttered an awful cry.

"'Don't do it, for the love of God! I've gone gone through all this alone, that no other place need be desolated as mine has been. Don't let it be for nothing. It *shall not* be for nothing! If man or woman dares to come near that awful house, I'll draw my rifle on them!'

"The Canadian was by this time well enough to render her some assistance, and together they coffined and buried poor Tom. They drew the body on a stone-sled over the snow, and laid it in the new grave beside the other. The next day we saw a red flame shoot up through the timber, and we knew Ruth had fired her cabin with all the little effects it contained. There wasn't much, to be sure—nothing that she valued after what had gone before. We left a pound of sulphur and two suits of clothing on the hill by her orders. The stranger got into his fresh garments after Ruth had smoked them well. Then she cut his hair short, and rubbed his head with sulphur till, she said afterwards, she knew he'd carry the scent into the next world with him. He took a gun and a pouch of provisions and went away, promising solemnly to enter no human habitation for at least a month.

"The weather had turned very mild—it was the last of March—and Mrs. Lockery begged us not to ask her in for a little while longer. She built herself a wigwam of poles and bark; we took her some bedding, and for three weeks she lived out of doors. Then she changed

her clothing again and came among us, pure enough, we thought, to mingle with the angels of Heaven. The people got together and built her another house, and furnished it with everything for her comfort. She lived alone for years, a brave, cheerful, actively helpful life; then she adopted a friendless babe, whom she reared to womanhood, and who is now well married, and gives to Mrs. Lockery in her old age a child's love and duty."

Old Settlers' day, with its June glory of greenness, and brightness, was drawing to a close. At five o'clock the bustle of breaking up was at its height, and a murmur of genial talk and friendly leave-taking was heard everywhere. We were examining the society's museum, which was on exhibition under a tree near the speakers' stand. Glancing up, Marian saw Mrs. Lockery standing quite near. She shook hands quite warmly with the old lady, as I did also upon being introduced.

"We were looking at these Indian hatchets and ornaments," I remarked. "I suppose they were picked up in this vicinity?"

"Yes, mostly," said the widow. "The Potawattamies used to have a camp on Slater's Creek, about halfway between here and Barhan. I'd like to show you something I found over on the old traders' route, once where I was huntin' a stray yearlin'. It's a queer old knife, and it's in this chist somewheres, for I gave it to Mr. Evans for the museum."

Just then she spied it and brought it forth. It was a long French dirk of the finest steel. The handle, a mere shell of silver filigree, had doubtless once been filled with ebony or other precious wood, long since rotted away. On one side was a tiny plate, bearing in minute lettering the inscription:

*"Jean Delcore, Bordeaux, 1760."*

Colonel Hastings came up and informed us that our phaeton was awaiting us. We bade good-by to the old lady, not however before she had given Mrs. Hastings and myself an earnest invitation to make her a visit.

"Come soon," she urged. "We have lots of strawberries now, and you never see the like of Lavynie's green peas and reddishes."

As we were driving home Marian said:

"We must surely accept Mrs. Lockery's invitation. She affects one like Shakspeare and Dickens. After spending a day in her company, you can hardly tell whether you have laughed or cried the most."

## THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER VIII.

MISS DUNBAR sat in the graveyard. As a rule, this can hardly be considered the most cheerful method of spending even a small portion of an afternoon, but various reasons had determined her choice, not only for this but for many afternoons. Favorite spot as it had always been on summer Sundays, it was absolutely shut in and secluded at every other time. A new and more pretentious "cemetery" on a hill in East Lowgate had been set apart a few years before for general use, and only an old inhabitant now and then claimed a place in the old graveyard, overgrown with nettles and trailing blackberry vines; as desolate and uncared for as many

another burial-place where all who once remembered it have been laid within its little inclosure. From a side street a path led through a rocky pasture to the group of pines at the back, and sitting in their shadow, the spicy breath filling all the air about her, she had come to find it more full of rest and peace than any other point her walks could reach. From the highest ledge, moss-covered and fragrant with pine needles, one saw the hills stretching away to the south, the river flashing here and there, and beyond all, the distant peaks of the Adirondacks fair and calm against the summer sky. Busy insect life buzzed and fluttered over the quiet spot where all other life had ceased. The birds sang fear-



lessly from overhead or flitted from stone to stone, and from the pasture beyond came the faint tinkle of a sheep-bell. Miss Dunbar threw aside her hat, and the troubled look her face had worn changed to quiet as she murmured half aloud:

"O fearful heart and troubled brain!  
Take hope and strength from this,  
That Nature never hints in vain,  
Nor prophesies amiss.

"Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,  
Her lights and airs are given  
Alike to playground and the grave,  
And over both is Heaven."

It seemed incredible, as she looked about on the spot grown so familiar, that she had not known it for a lifetime, and that it was weeks, and not months or years, since she had listened to the lawyer's story. Sybil now was constantly in her mind, more so than the child she had called hers, and she remembered with a sense of remorse that a letter from Dorothy was still in her pocket, taken from the office on her way to the upper road, as it was called, from which led the path no one else ever seemed to use or know. She opened it slowly, with a thought of how differently it had fared thus far with the two cousins; Dorothy's life so sheltered and full of all girlish pleasure; Sybil's so shut in and bare; then reminded herself again that patient waiting was the only present solution, and unfolded the closely-written sheets.

"SATURDAY, June 14, 1880.

"MOST BLESSED OF ALL BLESSED AUNTS:

You know I'm not an ingrate and a deceiver, even if I did promise to send two letters a week, and then get so tangled up in necessities that I couldn't write one. But I've done something else. I've practiced reduction—not of myself, though a horrid boy did say yesterday that I was 'a buster,' nor of expenses, because that's impossible; but of my handwriting—and all for your sake, you dear diamond. And I'm willing to admit that, much as it hurts my feelings, it is more compact and, on the whole, more truly true and precious and like a lady than the tall straggle I am accustomed to call my handwriting. Only tell me why are we taught so much that we immediately, when common sense dawns, have to unlearn with all our might, and never do quite unlearn, because it does seem to be so rubbed in? You needn't try to answer. This can wait with exactly seventeen million other things I have labeled and laid away all ready to talk about when I come, and that will be in just two weeks from the day you read this. Are you glad? Have you missed me properly? and who talks to you between daylight and dark, and looks at you, and knows you are the sweetest aunt—the sweetest everything a sinful sinner ever owned? Nobody, I hope, and if there is anybody, I'll assassinate them on the spot.

"Never mind, you blessing! This is only introduction, and I want to tell you what a perfectly delightful and altogether uncommon and truly desirable thing is going on in this fusty little village, where you wouldn't suppose that anything ever stirred. All New Jersey villages seem just alike to me, though I suppose most villages are alike. But somehow there is a double-twisted unpleasantness about real native Jersey people, and unless New Yorkers or something alive come in and rattle the dry bones, one might as well live in a graveyard. There's an acidity, a sulky and immovable quality—a priggishness where they know anything, and an unutterable, leather-covered kind of hollow where brains might have been where they don't. But this isn't like that or the other, and it all began with a Yankee—a Vermont Yankee, too, which makes it worse. Do be patient, for I'm really coming to

it. It's all girls. That is, one of them is twenty-five, though you'd never think it. She's the Yankee, only she has lived abroad three years, and she is the one who bought the boat and started the boat-club, and the swimming and all the other things that make the Jerseyites gasp. And then it went on till the Club was formed—a club where everybody is a specialist, and does some one thing with all her might. Actually, one girl is raising chickens, and making money, too, though it is nothing in the world but an old barn and a yard, and not a fancy henery at all, and they keep bees and have strawberry beds, and one girl cans all the fruit that can't be sold! It took my breath away to hear about it, and you are to have minute particulars, when I come, of everything 'The Busy Bodies' have ever done or said.

"In the meantime I have been thinking over your letters about all the people there, and the sort of dreariness there seems to be. I saw them all at that inexpressible sewing society, and I keep thinking of those girls, each in her little rut, and never knowing how delightful it is to work together for anything. I didn't know myself till now—or only half knew. It's a fact that caste is just as positive a thing here—I mean in the United States—indeed, I believe more so, than anywhere else in the wide world, and only a few predestined souls dare go against it. Positions are all so undefined that the work of keeping the fences up is immeasurably harder than where birth and custom have put them in place for one. With all our notions of equality we are inwardly conscious of differences, and all of us so full of our own angles that we are either hitting or being hit on all sides. Do you wonder where I get my knowledge? Well, I'll tell you. You taught me a good while ago to try and understand people's minds—girls' minds mostly, because that was all school allowed me, all my other chances coming in Washington vacations. It's a very stale remark, I know, to say that school is a little world, but ours was surely, and excellent preparatory discipline. Three rich snobs trying to lord it over the rest and amaze us all with their money; a set of 'loadies dancing attendance, and at the same time half bursting with envy; and then a mixture—an uppish Boston girl and a nice—oh, how nice!—Boston girl; some New Yorkers, some New Englanders, two Southerners and a wild Westerner from Texas, to say nothing of some singular specimens from St. Louis. And I studied them all when I had time, and I believe—yes, I really do believe—that I understand girls, even a New England girl, who is the most baffling and confounding of all till you really get at her. I've made up my mind about some of those you have written about, but not altogether, because where is the use until I really see for myself, only you know I have queer, little, sudden *senses* of things, and every name makes a picture. I'm getting more curious every day to know whether I have made true ones or not.

"One thing I am settled on. I can see that you are working just in your old fashion, getting to know the inside as well as the outside of people's lives, and it seems as if we had come to a quiet spot where one could enjoy and be still all one liked, and yet have plenty to do. I don't understand some things in your last letter, but you will tell me when I come. Sybil Waite sounds as if she ought to be some connection; Waite is such an out-of-the-way name. I have never heard of any. I wonder if a girl ever had so few real relations—only the Virginia cousins, and Helen Raymond, with a drop of my own blood in their veins! Never mind. You are mother and sister and all friends in one; but when I come we must talk, and I will hear everything I have never really thought much about. Helen wrote that she should go up there in August. In the meantime she is at Clifton, where Horace Evarts has also gone, and Mrs. Long wrote that they all thought it would soon be an engagement. I wish people wouldn't speculate in this horrid way, settling a girl's life

before she knows herself in the least what she really wants or needs ; but they will, I suppose, to the end of time. I do not mean to write until that period, however, and stop short this moment. How good, good, *good* it will be to see you again, and tell you all these six months, with more in them than any months of mine ever held before.

"Your own loving

DOROTHY."

Miss Dunbar folded the letter and returned it to her pocket, then sat looking absently off to the hills and questioning, as she had often done of late, if her course toward Dorothy had been as wise as it might have been. The child had had loving but very mistaken care all her little life—the young mother petting and spoiling her, and the grandmother, to whom she had been left, continuing the process till sudden death ended it, and Dorothy found herself with no near relative and no friends who seemed disposed to take the charge of her. Such property as her father had failed to secure for his own uses was in Henry Dunbar's hands, and thus he naturally directed the movements of the child, who had been taken to Washington by the old nurse, and transferred as quickly as possible to Bladensburg, where in due time Miss Dunbar had found her, and decided that here was work to do sufficient to tax every energy. Hot-tempered, spoiled, perverse, yet very loving, and clinging from the first to this new friend, she soon accepted the fact that the new life, with all its amazing differences from the old, was better than anything she had ever known, and gave a passionate and clinging affection that had strengthened with every year. Every circumstance, however, had seemed to shut off thought or knowledge of other ties. Henry Dunbar refused to have her near him, and secluded himself from every one in the great library, where he died at last alone, as he had chosen most of his later life should be. Dorothy had never asked questions, and Miss Dunbar had accepted the charge as a legacy from the man whom she had loved in her girlhood, and who had broken the tacitly-understood bond between them with never a word of explanation or excuse. There were tricks of manner, sudden gleams of expression in Dorothy more and more as she grew older, that suggested her father, but the likeness went no deeper. She was as steadfast as he had been shifting and uncertain, and the spirit of the old Judge, unknown to both of them, lived again in the child he had seen only as a baby.

How the idea had come that none of the family were left it was hard to say. Miss Dunbar could not recall any actual statement to this effect, yet knew that the impression had been made, and, as she believed now, intentionally. She had supposed Prescott Waite to be dead, until a short time after her brother's will had been made plain to her, and even then, knowing him alive, had no thought that he had been in any way affected by any act for which she might be held accountable. It was all like some unpleasant melodramatic story—jealousy and revenge and wrong; the rightful owners banished and usurpers, in their place; and how should these twisted threads be untangled? Life, hard as its lessons had often been, had not taken away Elizabeth Dunbar's natural intensity and impetuosity. She burned to right this wrong at once—to end these false conditions before another day had passed, and sprang up as if the act could be accomplished then and there, only to say, as she did now many times a day:

"Patience! Patience!"

She walked slowly down through the old graveyard, pausing for a moment as she passed a slab of dark marble, less weather-beaten than the rest, and reading the inscription half unconsciously:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
PRESCOTT SHURTLIFF WAITE,  
FOR MANY YEARS CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE STATE,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
JULY 22, 186—,  
AGED 76 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

The grave had sunken till almost level with the ground, and briars made a mat over the surface of the plot, where other graves were bound together in a common waste of weeds and thistles. On the stone next that of the old Judge it was barely possible to make out part of the inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
DOROTHY RAYMOND,  
BELOVED WIFE OF . . . ."

Here mosses and lichens had filled up the letters, and only a word here and there told the story of the sleeper below.

"It is abominable," Miss Dunbar said hotly, as she knelt on the grave and began to dig out the lettering with a very inadequate penknife. A tall figure swinging by paused a moment, then got over the fence rather clumsily, and made its way to the grave. Miss Dunbar started as she heard the step, and turned, then smiled.

"Your patients sleep soundly," she said, "else some of them would rise and protest against such wholesale forgetfulness. Isn't there a soul in Lowgate who cares in what sort of a hole their ancestors are laid?"

"Evidently it has not weighed on any of them very seriously," Dr. Cushing answered, with a comprehensive look around. "Cremation is the only remedy for such a state of things as this, but you can't cremate a whole graveyard."

"Where are your selectmen?"

"Attending to their farms, with a sprinkling of local politics for variety and spice."

"Where is the sexton?"

"Poor soul! Do you expect a man who is paid twelve dollars a year for ringing the bell and lighting the fires to have an eye also to a discarded graveyard?"

"Then I shall attend to it myself," Miss Dunbar said energetically. "The most perfect view the village owns is from the hill at the back, but this foreground makes me melancholy. I suppose nobody will object if I take my own way?"

"Not in the slightest; but you will find a single-handed fight with Canada thistles and brambles less exhilarating than you suppose."

"I have a plan," Miss Dunbar answered. "I really think the old graveyard is a key."

"A key?" the Doctor began, but at this moment a wagon passed. "There's Tibbals this minute," he said. "I must ask him about Johnny," and ran after the man, who had whipped up his horse and was rumbling out of sight.

"I certainly will try it," Miss Dunbar said, and followed the retreating pair down the hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MIGMA.

MR. MUNSON C. SMITH represents THE CONTINENT on the Assembly ground at Chautauqua. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and fill all our premium and combination offers until September 1st.

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In order to prevent any misunderstanding on the part of our readers, we give full notice that on the first of September all "Special Offers," "Clubbing Rates," "Premiums," and "Commissions" heretofore offered to subscribers and agents of all kinds will cease, and we will hold ourselves bound to fill no orders based thereon after that time. We do this because some confusion has arisen in regard to them. We are running short of some of the premiums announced, and deem it best to begin the Fall season with an entirely clean slate. The subscription price will remain the same.

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We give in this number several articles from different hands on Chautauqua, both as a resort and an institution. The possibilities and advantages of this region are unrivaled, but the institution will never have performed its true mission until the grounds now occupied by the Assembly for three months in the year shall be full of young life the remainder of the year. This place is admirably fitted for the model boys' school, where the young lad may be induced to play as well as study, and where Nature, pure air and ample room shall prepare the physical frame of the coming generation to bear the strain of a to-morrow, which promises to be even more exhausting than to-day.

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THE Concord School of Philosophy is reported to have listened to a definition of art, evolved from the inner consciousness of one of its leaders, which runs as follows:

"Art is the endeavor to make actual and apprehensible to sense and understanding in existing material furnished by the physical universe, for sight and sound, an ideal of beauty or sublimity or some essential characteristics of the ultimate and perfected beauty."

We can beat that. The little child who leads the conductor of THE CONTINENT by the nose, is most unfortunately a girl, whose life has been passed so close to the untrained barbarism of nature as to render her almost insensible to the esthetic refinements which masquerade under the name of art, but whose young soul has been stirred with undefined yearning for the beautiful. Not long since she was called upon to officiate as hostess *pro tempore* to a couple of artists who were engaged in sketching in the vicinity of her home. After a day or two of close observation and innumerable questionings, she sought the presence of her sire and gravely announced:

"Well, papa, I believe I have finally found out what 'artistic' means."

"Indeed, my dear," said the parent, stopping his pen to smile at her earnestness; "then you have discovered what few ever learn. What is it, pray?"

"To be 'artistic,'" was the serious reply, "anything must be either dead or ugly. It is so," she continued, in remonstrance against a chuckle; "all the pretty trees and green slopes and sunny nooks, they say, are either 'tame,' or 'conventional,' or 'uninteresting distance.' But every old, gnarled, rotten, dying tree, or bare rock or shingly beach, with only weeds and bits of drift upon it—these are 'artistic.'"

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On the same principle one of our contemporaries, commenting on a recent cover-design of THE CONTINENT, remarked: "It consists of an ill-drawn female figure, with an earthen pot and a birch switch in her hands and a

couple of toad-stools on her head. It is fully as artistic and ugly as that of *The Century*." So it seems that the *petite reine* is not the only one in whose mind art and ugliness are strongly related terms.

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THE recent strike of the telegraph operators has done more than argument could to convince the people that governmental control of the telegraph business is a necessity of the near future. It is probable that the aggregated loss to the business of the country during this period of uncertainty, delay and absolute obstruction of the wires would have put up every mile of wire that the great monopolist of this indispensable agency of modern life now owns. The business men of the country feel this, and the universal expression among them is that something must be done to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity. That party which shall put in its platform next year a plank favoring the construction of government telegraphs, to be run in connection with the Post Office Department, will win the hostility of the Western Union, and have the influence of eighty-six millions of capital, backed by a hundred millions more, thrown against it. Probably one-half of the press of the country would be silenced by this giant monopoly, which has the power to put its hand upon the throat of every journal that seeks to give the news of the day. It is a power that has more than once been used to kill and make alive in journalism, and would no doubt be used with unsparing recklessness in defense of this system of enforced tribute from the people. Such a declaration by either of the great parties would, however, constitute an appeal to all those who realize that the speedy, certain and cheap transmission of information by means of telegraphy is the prime requisite of our modern business. To be rid of extortion and insecurity at once were a triumph which would be great enough and positive enough to justify almost any man of sense in lapsing, just for once, from party fealty.

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*The Episcopal Methodist*, an organ of the Methodist Church South, has finally discovered THE CONTINENT, and, after a close inspection, gravely announces the fact that "we consider it quite suitable to people living north of Mason and Dixon's line." It is strange how dull some people are. If we chose to retort upon our brother, we could call his attention to the fact that it is in this very part of the land that three-fourths of the intelligent reading people live. If THE CONTINENT is "suitable" for them, we ought to be content, perhaps; but we never shall be until the line that never existed, save in imagination, is rubbed out even of such heads and hearts as his. We do not believe in a literature for North or South, but for both, and the sooner we can get over the notion that a book or a journal must be calculated for a certain meridian, like an almanac, the sooner we shall have a prosperous nation and a worthy literature.

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To show that our cranky brother of *The Episcopal Methodist* does not represent the sentiment of that section he wishes to fence off by the old line of dissension, we give the following extract from the letter of a Virginia lady, received in the same mail with his complimentary notice:

"THE CONTINENT, coming regularly to my book-table, increases in welcome each week. Only those who have lived in childhood and youth on the old-time Virginia plantation can fully appreciate Marion Harland's truthful delineation of Virginia life 'before the war,' and her portraits of the old-fashioned gentlewomen who graced the plantation homes."



THE enemies of President Arthur can wish him no greater misfortune than the movement that seems to be making head among certain self-constituted guardians of his political interests, which names him in connection with Governor Foster, of Ohio, as the Presidential ticket of 1884. If President Arthur is to be a candidate for the place he now fills, it must be in conjunction with some one entirely different in character and repute from "Charlie" Foster. The chief difficulty in the way of nominating President Arthur at all is the fact that a considerable portion of his party has so long been accustomed to regard him as a mere political trickster—a sort of trader in "deals" and "slates"—that, under any circumstances, it would be hard to rally them to his support. This difficulty would be greatly enhanced by an attempt to link his fortunes with a sort of political buccaneer like Foster. President Arthur has thus far deserved well in the main of all the people, and has shown so few signs of an ambition to succeed himself, that even his enemies blush when they accuse him of cherishing it. If, however, he does secretly desire to be his own successor, let him make haste to finally dispose of all those who are now raising the hue and cry of Arthur and Foster. If he should receive that honor, it will be purely as a reward of merit, and because the people of the nation are thoroughly convinced that he has not sought it.

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THE spectacle of the New Hampshire Legislature dragging on into the dog-days the fight over the Senatorship, is only paralleled in its unseemliness by the attempt of the Governor of Pennsylvania to force the Senate of that state to pass a measure to which the majority are opposed by keeping the Legislature in special session all summer. It is the most flagrant attempt in our history of a chief executive seeking to coerce the legislative branch of the government.

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"UP FROM THE CAPE" is the title of a little book, just published, which is so eminently healthful in sentiment that one is really sorry that its characterization is so weak. It is an effort in the right direction—toward the crystallization in fiction of the best instead of the meanest and littlest elements of New England life. Saving a few, the novelists of New England seem to have been occupied of late almost entirely with the portrayal of its pettiness, insincerity and general unpleasantness. Mr. Howells has discovered more really unattractive features in the New England girl than the most malignant English satirist ever dreamed of attributing to her. There is no doubt that he is right, too. Such characters as he gives us, full of mawkish whims, and pouring forth page after page of inconceivable agony over trifles too insignificant for ordinary mortals to note—such people no doubt exist, and are to the full as disagreeable as he makes them; but, as types of New England character, they are essentially false, in that they studiously withhold from view its better side and nobler aspects. It is just here that the modern novel—the artistic, analytic, realistic novel, as it is called in gushes of self-laudation by its prime votaries—becomes a false and distorted picture of life, instead of a real one. The mere fact that there are unpleasant, petty and debasing elements in human nature does not justify the novelist in dragging them all ways to the front. A picture is not truthful merely because it has dirt in it. The province of true art is to portray the meaner phases of nature only as a foil for the nobler and grander passions. The lion no doubt has ticks upon his hide, but a Landseer will not stop to part the tawny fur and paint the parasites that prey upon the monarch of the desert. Scabs and warts may be parts of a noble countenance, but that man would be a vicious libeler who should paint the scabs and warts in bright

colors and display them in strong lights, and only outline the features themselves in shadow.

New England is no doubt retrograding. Her better element has not only gone westward in search of fortune, but that which has remained has grown petty and peevish and narrow. Instead of taking in the world, its sympathies in these later days stumble on its own door-stone. The New England of the past has gone away to the great West, and become intermingled with the myriad tides which flow into that great ocean of the world's life. Transfusion of blood and the natural selection which follows from continuous emigration to new fields, have already made the western type stronger and broader than his eastern cousin. The New England of the West will grow up and overshadow its place of origin. The little, cramped, busy bit of hillside and seashore which was the nursery of the nation, has lost much of its comparative importance, and must daily fall still farther behind in the race of progress. Day by day the centre not only of population, but of life and power, is creeping steadily nearer and nearer to the Mississippi. New England, even at home, is losing much of its best elements. Those who have gone westward have not been the dullards and weaklings, but the brave and strong. The foreign elements that have come into her life have thus far only crippled and narrowed it. But the life of New England has never been so petty, weak and mean as its chosen delineators have seen fit to paint it. It has never been barren of noble aspirations and enlarged views. The best phase of the old New England life is not extinct, and its influences cannot be shut out of any individual life that is exposed to them. The little book named above, though certainly weak in characterization, very clearly calls attention once more to the better elements of this life, which has suffered most of all at the hands of its friends. The deft ridicule which it puts upon the false development, mawkish culture and unwise ambition of to-day is peculiarly fine. It deserves to be read, not for its formal completeness, but for its thorough wholesome and refreshing sincerity.

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A NUMBER of "Noble Lords," several "Gentlemen Commoners" and a lot of generals, the most experienced of whom never participated in an engagement more considerable than the little much-be-bragged affair last summer at Tel-el-Kebir, have been considering and reporting upon the project of tunneling the English Channel. Upon the whole, English opinion seems pretty equally divided on some rather important questions: First, Can it be built so as to be available for traffic? Second, Can it be destroyed in case of war? Third, If it can be so destroyed, will anybody be willing to traverse it on the chance of a premature explosion or an accidentally-opened flood-gate? Satisfactory answers to these questions are not forthcoming, but the whole business hinges on the question of military expediency. Under the circumstances, a Yankee suggestion may not be deemed impertinent. Let England maintain a guard of say five hundred men at the French end of the tunnel, and France a similar guard at the English end. With independent telegraphic communication, what could be simpler?

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WITH the twelfth volume<sup>1</sup> of the series, "Campaigns of the Civil War" comes to an end, giving what must be regarded as one of the most complete and trustworthy accounts of the Civil War that has been published. We are too near even now to fully see many points that will be plain to the next generation, whose judgments of the carefully-arranged facts of these laboriously-prepared volumes may differ materially from ours.

(1) THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF '64 AND '65. The Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. By Andrew A. Humphreys, Brigadier-General, Chief of Engineers, etc. 12mo, pp. 451, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.



In interest and value, none of the monographs are more important than General Humphreys' work covering the history of Grant's campaigns in Virginia. It is the author's single and authoritative contribution to the literature of the war. The book opens with a comprehensive account of the organization, the relative strength and the positions of the Army of the Potomac, and the Army of Northern Virginia, the best commanded and most formidable force in the service of the Confederacy. From the spring of '64 he follows closely the narrative of events, beginning with the passage of the Rapidan and the terrible battle of the Wilderness, through the series of operations carried on by Grant, which ended with the downfall of the Confederacy. The eleven large maps given at the end of the volume are notably excellent; they are accurate and full, and render most substantial assistance. Even the non-military reader will find no difficulty in following the course of the campaign, and will marvel again at the unflagging energy and unending patience of both men and leaders. It will be remembered that more disagreements and controversies associated themselves with this campaign than with any other, but most of them are treated by General Humphreys with much reserve. He differs seriously with General Badeau in many points, and convicts him of one notable blunder in regard to the behavior of the black troops at Spottsylvania. Badeau states that Ferrero and his colored troops "handled the rebels severely," and adds: "On the soil of Virginia men who had once been slaves beat back the forces of those who had held them in slavery. . . . After that time white soldiers in the Army of the Potomac were not ashamed to receive the support of black ones. They had found the support worth having." This appears to have been the purest fiction. Two regiments of white cavalry under General Ferrero took part in the fight, but the colored troops did not share in it. "The enemy," writes General Humphreys, "fell back with slight loss, our two cavalry regiments losing two enlisted men killed, seven wounded and two missing. The colored division had not a casualty of any kind whatever, handled nobody, severely or otherwise; in fact, were not engaged."

The removal of General Warren by Sheridan is told minutely, the writer clearly considering it an unwarrantable act, and he speaks of Grant's message to Sheridan on this point as follows:

"At times during the campaign beginning in May there had been misunderstandings between General Meade and General Warren, the latter sometimes modifying the plan of operations prescribed by the order of the day for the Fifth Corps, so as to make them accord with his own judgment as the day went on, modifications which General Meade sometimes did not approve, and hence something like controversy grew up occasionally in the despatches that passed between them. It appears to be probable that General Grant apprehended that something of this kind might occur between General Sheridan and General Warren, and considering the time to be a critical one, sent the message mentioned to General Sheridan."

"From Gettysburg to the Rapidan," also by General Andrew A. Humphreys, the contents of which were intended to form the first part of the one just mentioned. Properly it should precede that volume, and fully equals it in interest. (12mo, pp. 86, 75 cents).

The admirable series ends with a supplementary volume, "Statistical Records of the Armies of the United States," by Frederick Phisterer, the three parts including Numbers and Organization of the Armies of the United States; Chronological Record of Engagements, Battles, etc., in the United States, and Record of the General Officers of the Armies of the United States During the War of the Rebellion. The book is the result of great labor, and will be of the utmost value not only to army officers, but to all owners and readers of the series. (12mo, pp. 343, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).



THE ill health of Mrs. George Bancroft prevents her husband's mingling as much as usual in society, and Newport loses thus one of its chief summer attractions.

IN *The Critic* of July 28, Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the Shakspearian, calls attention to some flagrant typographical errors in the standard editions of "The Lady of the Lake," and Miss Charlotte Adams translates for American readers an interesting article entitled "My Acquaintance with Cable," which appeared lately in a Russian magazine.

"THE MANHATTAN" need have few doubts of a long and prosperous career, if the standard of excellence continues as high. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has never done better work than in the opening chapters of "Beatrice Randolph," begun in the July number, and the editorial department is as attractive as the body of the magazine.

MISS ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS is in retreat at West Gloucester, Mass., at her summer cottage, and deeply engaged on a new novel. Mr. Aldrich is also refreshing himself with ocean breezes, having started on a yachting trip to Mt. Desert with Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who perhaps takes this means of escaping the excitement caused by his late tilt against the dead languages.

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD gives another Indian poem to the public in October. It will be composed of the following idyls from the Sanskrit of the "Mahabharata": 1. "Savitri, or Love and Death"; 2. "Nala and Damayanti"; 3. "The Enchanted Lake"; 4. "The Saint's Temptation"; 5. "The Birth of Death." Messrs. Trübner & Co., the publishers of the work, are preparing for publication during the ensuing season an illustrated edition of Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia."

A VOLUME, the general make-up of which is much more attractive than the contents, comes from Lee and Shepard, entitled "Travels and Observations in the Orient, and A Hasty Flight in the Countries of Europe," by Walter Harriman. Mr. Harriman, who adds "Ex-Governor of New Hampshire" to his name, and whose portrait prefixed to his travels shows an energetic New England type of face, has looked at everything conscientiously, is evidently a well-grounded biblical student, and gives his facts and figures with guide-book facility and dreariness. The book is for his own immediate circle of friends, and beyond this fact has small reason for existence. (8vo, pp. 360, \$2.50).

MR. FRED. A. OBER has just returned from his trip to Mexico, where he has been making a careful study of the Northern States for his forthcoming volume. He was greatly favored in spending some time in the quarters of General Crook, and in the Apache hunting-ground. He secured valuable maps, charts and photographs; traveled the whole length of the Rio Grande; penetrated every border state, and followed down every line of railroad running into Mexico. He has traveled over six thousand miles in the border states, collecting material and statistics, making personal inspection of all objects of interest, and securing accurate information for his book.

MR. AINGER, whose recent edition of Lamb's "Essays" has been so popular, and who has been announced as preparing a new life of Lamb, in which his work should be arranged chronologically, is indebted for much of the new

material in the life to the researches of Mr. Charles Kent, whose "Popular Centenary Edition of the Works of Charles Lamb" was first published in 1875. Mr. Kent, while not depreciating Mr. Ainger's work, writes to the *Athenæum*, among other statements: "My prefatory memoir has enabled him to state correctly and with absolute certainty the date of Charles Lamb's birth, as well as the exact number of the children (seven instead of three) born to his parents within the precincts of the Temple."

THE irrepressible W. H. H. Murray, some time minister of the Park Street Church in Boston, and famous for any number of ventures and adventures, from the Adirondacks to Texas, is preparing, according to an exchange, "to bring out the first two of six volumes of Adirondack tales. At the same time he is finishing a book on life in Texas, preparing a course of philosophical lectures for the coming season, and getting ready to begin the practice of law. These occupations would seem to be enough and more than enough to keep any man busy, but he does not hesitate to assume them. He believes that no person ever turned out more matter for publication in fifteen years than he did in Boston. For nine years every line he wrote was printed, and for eight years, in order to work systematically, he regulated his sleep by an alarm watch, and only twice failed to heed its warning."

No one interested in knowing the best methods of work among the poor should fail to read the "Hand-Book for Friendly Visitors among the Poor," compiled and arranged by the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, lately published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The material has been gathered from many sources, the writings of Miss Octavia Hill, the Rev. J. W. Kramer, M. D., the Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Jr., and Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, Ph. D., being used. Miss Corson's "Domestic Suggestions" are given in full; Dr. Charles D. Scudder has a paper entitled "Sanitary Suggestions," and some legal friends of the work have prepared a digest of many of the laws of the state of New York bearing upon it. Though its value is in part local, there is much of general application, the whole being of exceptional value.

PROF. BÜHLER's latest work in the Indian field is now ready for the press, a new translation of Manu, which he had undertaken for the "Sacred Books of the East." No less than six commentaries—those of Medhātithi, Govinda, Kullūka, Nārāyaṇa, Rāghavānanda and the Nandini, also a gloss, the *Tippaṇa*—have been used for this work. It will also contain references to the other law books, more particularly to the ancient Dharma-sūtras, which have been strangely neglected by the native commentators. The law books of Yāgnavalkya and Parāśara will likewise be translated by Prof. Bühler, while Prof. Jolly, the late Tagore Lecturer of Law in the University of Calcutta, has undertaken for the same series the translation of the larger text of Nārada and of other legal authorities quoted in later law books, but no longer in existence in MS. as independent works.

THE *Whitehall Review* describes M. Catulle Mendès, who is at present visiting in England, and who is the most noted of the little school of French poets known as the Parnassiens: "M. Mendès is a very copious writer, both in verse and prose, and of considerable ability. He edited the curious little periodical, *La République des Lettres*, which had a brief existence in Paris some few years ago, and was supposed to represent the views of the advance school of poets and writers. In its pages M. Emile Zola's 'L'Assommoir' first appeared, and aroused the fierce indignation of Mr. Swinburne, who hurled much eloquent anger at the little journal in consequence. M. Catulle Mendès is a playwright as well, and an English version of his drama, 'La Justice,' was prohibited by the licenser of plays some little time since, on account of a disagreeable

double suicide which concluded it. He is now engaged upon a five-act tragedy for Sara Bernhardt. One other episode of M. Mendès's life deserves to be recorded. He is the husband of Judith Gautier, the daughter of 'our Théophile,' as the admirers of the author of 'Fortunio' delight to call him."

IF "Lucile" had never been written it is very certain that the anonymous poetical romance, "Geraldine," issued a year ago, would have taken far higher rank than it did. Its popularity was sufficient to call for more than one edition, but in spite of the author's disclaimer, the feeling of imitation is too strong to be put away, and insensibly colors judgment. The author states that the volume was planned long before "Lucile," and writes: "Years ago I resolved to write a romance in the style of verse which follows. I chose this style as specially well adapted to a wide variety of expression, and because at that time, so far as I knew, no author had employed it at such length and for such purpose. When it was similarly made use of by an English poet, at a date much more recent than my resolve, his poem's popularity confirmed my choice as wise; but I have refrained persistently from reading that poem, or hearing it read, or in any way learning of its character, spirit and scope, lest unconsciously I might borrow of its style and thought. Having now taken leave, as far as probably I ever can, of my own 'Geraldine,' I shall devote the earliest leisure accorded me to becoming acquainted with Owen Meredith's 'Lucile.'" The story is hampered by its form, but has passages of great beauty and power, notably in Trents' final inner conflict on the mountain, and his victory over a passion not unlawful, but simply an attraction which has made him forget his pledges to Geraldine, a quietly noble and loving woman, whose renunciation when she learns the truth, is rewarded by Trents' final return to her. (16mo, pp. 321, \$1.25; J. R. Osgood & Co.).

It is very certain that every page of Mr. Crawford's latest novel, "Dr. Claudius," will be read, and it is equally certain that the book will be closed with a sense of disappointment. For the story, skillfully managed as it is, full of crisp and brilliant dialogue, and abounding in startling situations, is, after all, too preposterously improbable for even the seasoned novel reader to believe in more than half way through the book, which has the exaggerated perspective of "Lothair," though with none of the snobbishness of that most snobbish production. The dukes and countesses of this story are all well bred, and something more than well-bred people, their capacity for sustained epigram and general brilliancy being as marked a possession as their titles. Dr. Claudius is a blond and glorious giant, of princely birth, but for various reasons which shall remain untold, practically in hiding under the guise of a doctor of philosophy. To him, serenely reclining in a ruined *schloss*, falls the parasol of the sight-seeing Countess Margaret above, whose deep and thrilling voice stirs his hitherto torpid heart. It may be added that he has gone to the castle to think over letters just received, which makes him the heir to a million or so of American dollars. He meets the countess shortly afterward through means of a young American, Silas B. Barker, an excellent combination of business man, *dilletanti* and rascal, who is the villain of the play, becoming so when he discovers the love of Claudius for Margaret. The scene shifts from Germany to America—there is a yacht voyage, a Newport season—in short, every desirable element for a society novel; and the curtain falls on a tableau of the blond Viking holding his bride ecstatically at arms' length, and confiding to her:

"Earl Bateman was a noble lord,

A noble lord he was of high degree."

There is some of the charm felt in "Mr. Isaacs," but as a work of art that story is far in advance of "Dr. Claudius." (12mo, pp. 353, \$1.00; Macmillan & Co.).



ONE of the most vital questions now before the inhabitants of Europe and America is: "Will the cholera come?" The answer is that it probably will, but in a shape essentially modified by the precautions taken by an enlightened civilization. Still, it is well to be warned by considering the possibilities, and the following, condensed from the *Pull Mall Gazette*, may serve to emphasize the necessity for strict preventive measures: "On September 4, 1853, the disorder broke out with great severity in Newcastle and North Shields, and other adjoining towns suffered greatly: In July, 1854, it again made its presence felt over the whole of the metropolis. The epidemic reached its height in the second week of September, almost on the same day that the epidemic of 1849 occasioned the highest mortality. Indeed, as Dr. Sutherland reported to the general Board of Health, there was a remarkable similarity throughout the progress and development of both epidemics. In the week ending September 9, there were 2050 deaths from cholera in London. The epidemic reached its maximum in nine weeks, but the mortality did not fall to that of the first week until thirteen weeks after the maximum period. From the 1st of July to the 16th of December the total mortality from cholera in London was 10,675, and from diarrhoea 2601, while from typhus it was 1347. On the north side of the Thames there was 1 death to 353 inhabitants; on the south side the proportion was 1 to every 108. During the autumn the terrible disease appeared in many parts of the kingdom, and in some cases the epidemic was severely felt. It was in the September of this year that Lord Palmerston issued his famous rebuke to the Presbytery of Edinburg, which had suggested a national fast. 'When man has done his utmost for his own safety,' said the Home Secretary, 'then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions.' In July, 1854, the alarming intelligence reached England that the cholera had appeared among our troops in the Crimea. Regiments were reduced to three hundred or four hundred sickly men. It took the Guards two marches to get over the ten miles of ground lying between Alladyn and Varna. During an expedition to Kostendji nearly three thousand Frenchmen were swept away. For two years the epidemic prevailed extensively on the Continent, 10,000 persons dying in Naples. It also spread with great virulence over North and South America. Ten years elapsed before the awful scourge again visited Europe. From June to July, 1865, it had raged at Alexandria, and in August it was causing deaths at the rate of 2000 a day in Constantinople. The deaths in Constantinople had reached nearly 50,000 when the great fire on September 5, which destroyed 1500 houses, besides mosques and other public buildings, pretty summarily closed the career of the epidemic. At this time also it appeared in Russia, Italy, Spain and France, and Austria lost 10,000 lives. In April, 1866, the cholera reached England via Bristol and Liverpool; but the number of deaths, owing to sanitary reform, did not materially affect the returns of mortality for the whole kingdom for the year. In the London district, however, 5973 persons died of cholera and 3197 of diarrhoea, principally in the East End. In describing 'the catastrophe in which 4500 perished in East London,' Dr. Farr hints

not obscurely that it was very largely traceable to the character of the water supply. Within a few weeks £70,000 was raised for the relief of the distress in London, the Queen subscribing £500. The close of the year saw it extinct in London, but a longer time elapsed before it was banished from the Continent. Since then only isolated groups of cases have been reported in our quarter of the globe.

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It will be remembered that some time since an apparently authoritative statement was published in our columns setting forth that the concentric rings in the cross-sections of trees were not a trustworthy indication of the tree's age. It appears, however, that the old idea has its friends, who are ready to come forward with facts. P. C. Smith, Esq., an Ohio lawyer, publishes a letter in which he describes a number of land-grant cases, in the trial of which "it very frequently became important to show the date of the surveys. These dates were shown by the indorsement on the survey itself, and corroborated by an examination of the hacks on the line and corner-trees of the survey. These hacks invariably left a scar, which, to the practical surveyor, was readily detected, even after a lapse of sixty years. By 'blocking' the tree, as it was called, and taking the block and counting the concentric rings, from the hack made by the surveyor to the outside of the tree, it invariably corresponded with the dates as they appeared upon the returns made by the surveyor, showing as many rings as years had elapsed from the date of the survey, thus proving that for each year of the life of the tree an additional concentric ring had been added." It appears, then, that in some cases at least the rings are trustworthy. The author of the contrary theory should now be heard from, though most people will retain their belief in the general accuracy of the ring record.

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DR. T. R. ALLINSON, an advocate of the use of vegetable food exclusively, says, in an address to a London association, "By diet we can do almost anything; it is the philosopher's stone of medicine, and by its aid we can work wonders. Allow me to diet a person and I will make him lively and gay, or morose and sad, good tempered or bad tempered, studious or lazy, and long lived or short lived; and, what is more, almost give him any disease known." Among the diseases vegetarians attribute to meat eating, Dr. Allinson names bilious attacks, really acute indigestion, congestion of the liver, dyspepsia, piles, constipation, gout, heart disease, apoplexy, and often consumption. Probably a great majority of the best physicians, however, consider a diet containing meat in moderation to be the most satisfactory and healthy for mankind.

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FOR a disinfectant laundry blue, mix together sixteen parts of Prussian blue, two parts of carbolic acid, one part of borax, and one part of gum arabic into a stiff dough. Roll it out into balls as large as hazel-nuts, and coat them with gelatine or gum, to prevent the carbolic acid from escaping.

#### NEW BOOKS.

THE DOWNWARD PATH. From the French of Emile Gaboriau. Paper, pp. 236, 50 cents. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

VOICES FOR THE SPEECHLESS. Selections for Schools and Private Reading. By Abraham Firth. 16mo, pp. 256, 75 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WINTER IN INDIA. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Baxter. M. P. Paper, pp. 151, 15 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

ON A MEXICAN MUSTANG. THROUGH TEXAS. From the Gulf to the Rio Grande. By Alexander E. Sweet and J. Amory Knox, editors of *Texas Siftings*. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 672. \$2.50. S. C. Scanton & Co., Hartford.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

## Schlausenheimer's Alarming-Glock.

THERE has been considerable excitement in Harlem concerning the arrest of Schlausenheimer upon the charge of assaulting Officer Dyonisious O'Brien. Bender, the butcher, a relative of Schlausenheimer, has furnished me the following account of the affair. I transmit it *verbatim*.

Now I glaim dot bluck vas simbyl soocessful shtubbornness, und shtubbornness vas unsoccessful bluck. But Pointer, de assurance achent und mineself ve get a arguments up on dot vonce.

"A tisopedient moole," says Pointer, "vot vill not shtir a shtep, he vas shtubborn, but a prafe man vat vill nefer gif up de sheep, he vas blucky."

"Yes," says I, "he vas blucky—if he soocceeds. If he don't soocceeds, den he vas as pig-headet as a moole; und dot's vot's de matter mit Schlausenheimer."

Now bluck vas a fery goot ting to haf, if it vas mixed mit a leetle gomon senses—about halef und halef. Gomon senses mitout bluck don't nefer aggomblishes only chust a leetle; but bluck mitout gomon senses aggomblishes a goot teal doo much, und ought to pe locked up mit a lunadics asylum.

Vell, Schlausenheimer, you know, he chust geeys eferytings mit himself yet. He don't nefer told his vife something about notings already.

Von day I says:

"Schlausenheimer, maype it vas petter if you told your vife eferyting about sometings und something about eferytings. Your vife vas your bartner."

"Vell, she's got to pe a silent bartner," says he.

"Not doo silent," says I. "Vomens has some rights dot a man vas pound to exbet."

"I don't believe no such nonsense," says Schlausenheimer, "not a pit. Dot vas vomen's-riots, dot vas, und of all kinds of riots—visky riots, election riots, und efery oder kind of riots—dem vomen's riots vas de vorstest of dem all."

"Look here," says I, "dot's not a fair arguments, because you tidn't bronounce dot right. It vasn't ri-ots—it vas ri-ets."

Den Schlausenheimer gets mad.

"Ri-ots or ri-ets," says he, "I wouldn't haf it in mine house. I vas pound to haf eferytings harmoniousness if I haf to preak de proomsttick, und dot settles it."

Vell, I didn't said noting more mit him, but I said mit mineself, as I vawks away:

"It vas gwite eftent nadure intended dot Schlausenheimer should become a first-glass idiot, und Schlausenheimer he don't got no ophections."

Vell, he puyed himself von of dose alarming-glocks, you know, vot vakes you out at fife o'clock in de mornings. He puts him mit de mandel-bieces dereon, und he goes mit de pedt derein.

Mrs. Schlausenheimer she gets in de mittle of de night up, und dot glock vent off—vay off de mandel-pieces—vhile Mrs. Schlausenheimer vas py de next room looking for a matches.

Schlausenheimer chumps up und he knocked Mrs. Schlausenheimer town in de mittle of his sleep.

He hit her on de headt of de shtairs, und dey bot' rolled to de pottom togedder town heels over packvards.

Mrs. Schlausenheimer, you know, grabbed him py de tark, mit de hair from his headt, because Schlausenheimer, he tinks, you see, dot she vas all de times de bugular vot he vas chust treaming about coming to shtal his glock at fife A. M. in de morning.

Von dey got mit de pottom of the shtairs de glock shtruck von, und Schlausenheimer he shtruck de odder von.

It vas de polices vot runs mit his glub in, to put de fire out back! De hits Schlausenheimer pack again mit his

headt. If he had any prains dot times dey vouldt come out. It vas a goot ting sometimes to pe apsent-minded; und Schlausenheimer's mindt has been apsent efer since he is porn.

Vell, he shust hit him vonce; but it vas sufficient—und enough vas as goot as a briest.

He knocked Schlausenheimer into de mittle of last week. He losed a whole week's vork py it, und he is sick more as a mont' apout a year aftervards.

Dot bolices vouldn't took no oxcooses; but he took Schlausenheimer. He took him so gwick you can say Chack Ropison mit de shtation-houses.

Vell, de chudge of de shtation-house he say, "Vot's de sharge?"

Dot bolicemans vas aggrafatet, so he says, "Salt on a bolices."

De chudge vas exaggerated, und he he says, "Fine, fife tollars."

Schlausenheimer vas indignatet, und he says, "Dat's a fraudt, und I vouldn't put up mit it."

So de chudge gifs him fife tollars more fine, for content mit de court.

Now, I don't plame de chudge mineself, because he called him a superanimatet olt Shpringheister, und he ought to toldt his vife all apout it pefore he puts him mit de mandel-bieces, und dot's de vorse tings you vouldt call de chudge, anyvay. You know vot dot shpringheister vas in Inklisch? Vell, dot means a monkey chumping-chack-up-a-shtick, ven you bulls him mit a shtring.

Now, dot's de vay mit Schlausenheimer. He didn't vant to lose his money, so he loses his demper, und de chudge found it—fife tollars abiece.

But if dot chudge vouldt only find Schlausenheimer fife tollars efery times vot he loses his demper, in less as a year dot chudge vouldt pe a millionaire—und Schlausenheimer he vould be a boor-house.

VON BOYLE.

## Jerry Greening's Sayings.

"If you're real anxious t' hev yer neighbors talk about you an think of you, jest buy a dog an' tie him in th' back yard."

"When a feller says it's 'as broad as 'tis long,' he means that it's all square, I reckon."

"Th' more you stir up yer customers, sez a dry-goods man t' me, sez he, 'th' longer it takes 'em to settle.'"

"Th' smaller an' meaner a man is, th' bigger he allers talks."

"When I'm in danger from accidents o' any kind I allers prefers absence o' body t' presence o' mind."

"Not more'n one man in ten thousand dies by pizen, yet th' mere mention of pizen strikes us with horror. Hundreds o' people die from intemperance—yet it hain't feared very much, it strikes me."

"I b'lieve in honorin' th' dead just th' same's you'd honor 'em if they vas alive."

"Allers keep good-natured when you eat. Laughin' is th' best aid t' good digestin', an' a man that's mad when he eats can't tell whether he's chawin' b'iled cauliflower or stewed umbrellers."

"Never give way in trifles, 'cause there's no tellin' how soon you might be called on t' give way in matters o' importance."

CHAS. H. WELLS.

Do you want to know how to keep cool in warm weather, young man? Well, you shall. Just invite the other girl to have some ice cream, and call on your own best girl the next evening. The ice cream may be cool, but it won't be a circumstance in low temperature to the next evening's reception.